THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DROPS FROM THE WINE-PRESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I looked in her face when the grain was young—
And the wind blew the high grass unto my knee,
And I said, with a pleased but trembling tongue,
"Dear heart! be true to me!"
The May-rose danced in her mouth and cheek,
The May-breeze ruffled her raiment fine—
She did not tremble, she did not speak,
But she laid her hand in mine.

I looked in her face when the grain was ripe,
And the sunlight reddened the chancel-wall—
There were orange-buds on her forehead white;
And her figure, slight and small,
With its fleecy veil and its snowy hands,
Shone pure as a star in that chapel gray,
As the priest uplifted his aged hands,
And made us one for aye!

I looked in her face when the grain was stacked,
And the wind wailed over the autumn-field—
But thought and color and life it lacked,
And the lips and eyes were sealed.
Dear lips! true eyes! through the long, long years,
Since I called ye mine in the chancel blest—
Sad were ye had known of sighs and tears—
But a frown was a stranger-guest.
Faithfully, fondly ye did your best,
While the day blushed in at the cottage door—
Meekly and sweetly ye took your rest,
When the day was yours no more!

I looked in her face ere the lid was shut,—
My frame was shaken, mine eyes were wet,
They lowered the slab on her bosom, but
Her smile is with me yet;
And I pray that the angel, her next of kin,
May come in the dawn and uplift the stone,
That I and my grief may enter in—
And rest with my precious one!

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DENISBURY HOUSE," "THE RED CANON PEARL," &c.

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CHAPTER XIII.

AN AWFUL NIGHT. AND AN AWFUL SCENE.

Rarely had such a night been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Daneshold. The storm of wind was terrific: now, it swept through the air with a rushing, booming sound; now, it shook old gables and tall chimnies, unhinged shutters, and crushed down out houses; and now it caused men and women to stagger as they strove to walk along. But for the wind, the night would have been nearly as bright as day, for the large, clear moon was at the full; but the clouds that madly swept across its face obscured its brightness, causing a dark shadow to fall upon the earth. Even the fitful gusts, when clouds were absent, seemed to hide the moon's rays, and dim them.

A knot of men were congregated in the tap-room of the Sailor's Rest. Richard Ravensbird, looking not a day older than when you saw him last, hard, composed, phlegmatic as ever, was waiting on them, or joining in their converse, as the case might be. Sophie was in the bar parlor. She did look older: somehow, Frenchwomen, after they pass thirty, do age unaccountably. Not that Sophie had changed in manner; she was free of tongue and ready at repartee, like she always had been.

"How's Cattley getting on? Have ye heard?" asked one of the men of Ravensbird, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

Ravensbird had handed a fresh jug of ale to another of the company, and was counting the halfpence, returned into his hand.

"Cattley may be better or he may be worse, for all I know," returned he, when he had finished counting. "It's no concern of mine: I don't meddle with other folk's business."

"Tain't much meddling, landlord, to hear whether a injured man's getting on his legs again, or whether he's a going to have 'em laid out stiff," retorted the questioner. "I ha' been at sea three days, and 'tis but natural to ask after a poor fellow as have been a'most murdered, when one gets to shore again."

"A fine trouble your boat had to get home," put in a man, before any one else could speak. "I was down the beach this afternoon, and see it a labering."

"Trouble!" echoed the other. "I never hardly was out in such a gale—and the wind blowing us right ashore. It took our best management, I can tell ye, to keep her off it. Does nobody know anything of Cattley?"

"Cattley's better," answered one who sat in a corner. "I saw Mr. Bruff to-day, and asked him: he said he was going on all right. My lord's downright savage, though, because the fellows are off."

"What fellows?" cried the sailor in a quick tone. "Not Beecher and Tom Long?"

"Beecher and Tom Long. Cattley was well enough to be taken into the hall yesterday, from his bed: they wrapped him up in blankets, put him in a chair, and carried him in; and Beecher and Tom Long were brought up from the guard house in charge of the police. But Cattley couldn't swear to them: he said he had no moral doubt that they were the two, but could not speak to it with certainty. Of course that put a stop to all chance of conviction, and Lord Dane was obliged to liberate them. Such a lecture he read them first!"

"Did he?"

"Bruff heard it. He was present during the time, close to my lord's chair, and he said his lordship was as vexed and snappish as could be. Old Beecher came forward, with all the brass in the world, and said he'd take an oath his son was in bed at home the night the row happened. Lord Dane told him his oaths went for nothing, and he regretted the evidence was not more conclusive."

"But there was a third, engaged in the attack," resumed the sailor.

"Said to be. Cattley speaks of another, who was watching from a short distance. He did not join in the attack."

"That was Drake, then: not a doubt on't. Smuggling or poaching, it all comes alike to him. *I'll lay any money it was Drake.*"

"You'd lose it, then. The third fellow was [illegible] say, landlord, what's your opinion of it all?"

"Haven't I just told you that I mind my own business?" returned Mr. Ravensbird. "If everybody did the same there'd be less contention in the world."

"Richard, Richard," a voice was heard calling out, "step here a moment."

It was that of Mrs. Ravensbird, and her husband proceeded to the room where she was sitting. She had a candle in her hand, and appeared as though she had just been up stairs.

"I'm afraid, Richard," she said, "I protest I am: the very house seems to rock. I shall not go to bed to-night."

"Nonsense," returned Richard Ravensbird. "Folks sleep best in windy weather."

"If they can get to sleep. It's what I shan't try at to-night. You just go up to our bedroom, and see what the wind is there: the bed itself's shaking."

"They are calling for more ale in the tap room," cried a very smart maid, entering at this juncture. "Am I to serve it, sir? The clock wants but two minutes of eleven."

"Oh, for goodness sake let them stop on as long as they like to-night," put in Sophie to her husband. "Better be in danger in company, than alone."

Richard Ravensbird looked at her in surprise.

"Danger!" he repeated: "why, what is the matter with you, Sophie? You are surely not turning coward, because the wind is a little higher than ordinary?"

"The wind is worse than I have ever known it since I lived in the Sailor's Rest," she responded. "It's awful enough to make the bravest think of danger."

Ravensbird returned to the tap room, and told the company it was eleven o'clock. They did not, however, seem inclined to move: and, who her it was the wind howling without, which certainly does induce to the enjoyment of comfort within, or whether in compliance with his wife's words, Ravensbird proved less rigid than usual as to closing his house at eleven; and suffered more ale to be drawn. The servant was bringing it in, when a fresh customer entered. It was Mitchel, the preventive man. He took off an oil skin cape he wore, and sat down.

"Why, Mitchel! is it the wind that has blown you here?" were the words Ravensbird greeted him with. "I thought you were on duty to-night."

"The wind won't let me stop on duty, Mr. Ravensbird, so it may be said to have blown me here," replied Mitchel. "I saw you were not closed through the chinks in the shutters. It's an awful night."

"Not much danger of a contraband boat-load stealing up to the beach to-night," laughed one of the company.

"No: the flying Dutchman himself couldn't bring it up," said Mitchel. "What with the security from that sort of danger, and the insecurity from another, namely, that we might get whirled off the heights into the sea, and be never more heard of, the supervisor called us off duty. What a sight the waves are, to be sure!"

"The men have not been on duty below all day."

"Couldn't have stood it," answered Mitchel, "the sea would have washed them away. It's great rubbish to keep men there at all, now they have put us on to the heights. I'm afraid of one thing," he added, lowering his voice.

"What's that?"

"That there's a ship in distress. My eye sight's uncommon good for a distance, as some of you know, and I feel sure that I made her out, and even her very signal. The worst was, the gusts whiffled one's sight, and steady for one minute, one couldn't stand. I pointed the ship out to Baker, when we met, but he could see nothing, and thought I was mistaken."

"But—if it is a ship—why do you assume that she must be in distress?" inquired Ravensbird.

"Could a ship be off the coast, in such a storm as this, and not be in distress?" was Mitchel's answer. "And the wind blowing dead inland! Mark me! if that is a ship, she'll be on the rocks to-night."

"Mitchel," cried one of the company, "you were always one of them given to croaking. And croaking don't help us on in the—"

The man's voice stopped abruptly, and the assembly simultaneously started to their feet. A heavy, booming sound had struck upon their ears. Mrs. Ravensbird rushed into the room.

"Is it a cannon?" cried she.

If it was a cannon, it was firing off quick and sharp strokes, one after the other, as no cannon ever had been known to do yet. Some of those startled listeners had heard that sound before; some had not.

"It is the great bell at the castle!" uttered Mitchel, "I am sure of it. The last time it rang out, was for that fire in the stables, before the old lord died. What can be the matter?"

They moved in a body to the house door, and stood in the road outside, listening and looking. Though the Sailor's Rest stood alone, somewhat apart from any dwelling, they could see that the alarming sound had brought others to their doors, and night-capped heads to windows.

"The castle must be on fire," exclaimed one, drowning the chorus of voices; "we ought to set off to it."

"I wish you would all be still for an instant," interposed Ravensbird. "Listen: as keenly as the wind and that heavy bell will allow you."

They hushed their clamor and bent their ears in obedience to the injunction. And then they caught what the noise in the tap room had prevented their hearing before: a minute gun fired from the sea.

"It is the ship in distress," eagerly uttered Mitchel, "I knew she would be. She's signaling for help. And the castle bell is giving notice of it; it used to, in the old times."

Before they decided what to do, or whether they could do anything; some being for rushing off to the castle, others to the beach, one of the footmen in the Dane livery, white and purple, came flying towards them.

"A large ship in distress," he exclaimed; "we think she may be an Indiaman, with home-bound passengers. Is the sea too bad for help to go out?"

The man spoke in agitation; it is an agitating moment, when the lives of our fellow-creatures are at stake within sight. Treat the lives of those, now in danger, must inevitably be lost, appeared only too sure. Somebody inquired of the servant, what Lord Dane thought.

"My lord's not at home," was the man's reply. "Some of us fancied we heard signals of distress from sea—and we went up to the turret chamber, and there made out the ship, and saw quite plainly the flash of her minute guns, though the wind deadened their sound. Mr. Bruff gave orders then for the alarm bell to be rung, to arouse the village—first of all sending a messenger to my lord, that he might not fear it was anything amiss at the castle itself."

"To be far away!"

"Who? my lord? He is only spending the evening at Mr. Lester's."

The company got their caps, which they tied down firmly on their heads; those who possessed no caps tied on handkerchiefs, for their hats would be useless on the beach, and they left them at the Sailor's Rest, and hastened down. The news had spread. The ship, drifting gradually in shore with the wind, was nearer now, and her guns were louder; and all Daneshold were flocking towards the beach.

They could discern her very plainly in the snatches of bright moonlight. A noble ship. One old sailor, who possessed fine eyesight, keener than even Mitchel, professed to make out her build, and declared she was an American. Whatever she might be, she was certainly drifting on rapidly to her doom. She had probably been at anchor, and the chain had broken.

Her position was a little to their left hand as the people stood, and she would most likely strike just beyond the village, towards Dane castle. The wind was as a hurricane, howling and shrieking, buffeting the spectators, and taking away almost their life's breath; the waves rose mountains high, with their hoarse roar, and the good ship cracked and groaned as she bent to their fury.

Oh! the scene on board!—could those watchers from the shore have witnessed it! Awful indeed seemed the jarring elements to them; what then, must they have been, to those who were hopelessly in their power!

Reader! we may assume that it has never been your fate to be on board one of these ill-fated ships at the moment of its doom. No imagination, however vivid, can picture the awful bearings of the scene. Bewildering confusion, sickening distress, unbounded fear. Almost as terrible is it as that Great Day, pictured to us of what shall be the last judgment. For, that Great Day, for them, is at hand; time is over; eternity is beginning; and all are not prepared to meet it!

Two gentlemen came together, arm in arm, and the crowd parted to give them place. They were Lord Dane and Mr. Lester. Mr. Lester carried a night glass, but the wind would render it almost useless.

"Why, she's nearly close in shore!" uttered Lord Dane, in an accent of horror.

"Another half hour, my lord, and she'll be upon the rocks," responded a bystander.

"Mercy! how fast she's drifting! One can see her drift!"

"My men," said Mr. Lester, addressing himself more particularly to the fishermen and sailors, many of whom had congregated there, "can nothing be done?"

One unanimous, subdued sound was heard in answer. "No."

"If one of 'em, any crack swimmer, could leave the ship and come ashore with a hawser, that's their only chance," observed an old man. "Not that I think he'd succeed; the waves would swallow him long before he got to it."

"There's the life boat," cried Lord Dane.

The crowd shook their heads with a smile.

THE RESCUE ON THE HEIGHTS.

"No life boat could put off in such a sea as this!"

Never, perhaps, had been witnessed a more hopeless spectacle of prolonged agony. Once, twice, three times a blue light was burnt on board the ship, lighting up more distinctly than the moon had done, her crowd on deck, some of whom were standing with outstretched hands. And yet, those on shore could give no help. Men ran from the beach to the heights, and from the heights to the beach, in painful, eager excitement; but they could do nothing.

On she came—on, on, swiftly and surely. The night went on, the hurricane raged in its fury, the waves roared and tossed in their terrific might; and the good ship came steadily to her doom. In two hours from the time that the cast's bell boomed out, she struck. And, simultaneously with the striking, many souls were washed overboard, and were battling their own poor might and strength with the water, as hopelessly as the ship had done. The agonized shrieks of woe were borne over the waters with a shrill, wailing sound, and were echoed by the watchers; some of whom, women, fell on their knees in their nervous excitement, and prayed God to have mercy on the spirits of the drowning.

"She'll be in pieces! she'll be in pieces!—and no earthly aid can save her!" was the cry that went up around.

As it was being uttered, another dashed into the heart of the throng, one who appeared not yet to have been among the spectators. It was Wilfred Lester. He wore his sporting clothes, as he had done when Maria met him in the evening. Pressing through it to the front with scant ceremony, he leaned his arms on the rails of the little jetty, and contemplated the beating vessel.

"Good heavens!" he uttered, after a few moments' steadfast gaze, "she must have struck!"

"This five minutes ago!"

"What is that in the water?" he continued, after another pause.

"Human beings drowning. They are being washed off the ship fast!"

All that Wilfred Lester possessed of excitement was aroused within him.

"Human beings drowning!" he repeated, his voice harsh with emotion. "And you are not attempting to rescue them? Are you mad, or only wicked?"

One by his side pointed to the foaming sea.

"Let that answer you."

"It is no answer," said Wilfred Lester.—"Where's the life boat?"

Mr. Lester drew away to hide himself amidst numbers; he had not cared lately to come in contact with his son. But Lord Dane pressed forward.

"You are excited, Lester," he observed, to Wilfred; "and I acknowledge the sight is sufficient to excite the most stoical man on earth. You might as well talk of a balloon as a life boat; the one could no more get to the ship than the other."

"The effort might be made," returned Wilfred, eagerly.

"And the lives of those making it sacrificed," rejoined Lord Dane.

Wilfred turned to where a knot of fishermen were congregated. He was familiar with them all, and had been from boyhood.

"Bill Gand, where's the life boat?" he said, to a weather-beaten tar, who looked sixty, at the least, to judge by the wrinkles on his face. "Is she ready?"

Bill Gand pointed with his finger to a small and snug creek at some little distance; he was not a man of fluent words. The life boat was moored in the creek, and could be out at sea (wind and weather permitting) in a few minutes.

"Was made ready when the castle bell tolled out, Master Wilfred," answered he.

"And why have you not put off in her?" demanded Wilfred, in a tone of command.

"Couldn't dare, sir. And the sea be higher now nor it was then."

"Couldn't dare!" scornfully echoed Wilfred Lester, whose anger, like that of the waves, seemed to be rising. "I never knew a British sailor could be a coward until now; I never thought 'couldn't dare' was in his vocabulary. I am going out in the life boat; those of you who can overcome 'fear' had better come with me."

He turned to quit the spot and make for the creek, but fifty voices assailed him. "It would be sheer madness to attempt it." "Did he mean to throw away his life?" "He and the life boat would be swamped together!"

"Then swamped we will be!" retorted Wilfred. "Do you see there?" he added, waving his hand in the direction of the ill-fated ship; "when your fellow-creatures' lives are being swamped wholesale, when you see them buffeting with the pitiless waves, does it become you to hesitate attempting their rescue 'for fear' yours should be?—and you brave seamen! Come on, my men; if there be any of you who deserve the name."

How contagious is example! How valuable a little sterling encouragement! How effective a spice of stinging ridicule! Several "good men and true," acted on by the words, declared themselves ready to man the life boat; and pretty nearly the whole crowd trooped off in the wake of Wilfred Lester.

He was long of leg and fleet of foot, and was already busy with the boat when they gained him. A voice called out that if she must go out, Mr. Wilfred had best not be one to man her; he was no sailor. Wilfred Lester caught the words, and turned his handsome face towards the sound; very pale looked his features in the moonlight; pale but resolute.

"Who said that?" he asked.

It was old Bill Gand.

"You are not yourself, Bill Gand, to-night. Would I urge others on a danger that I shrink from?"

"Venture in that there boat, Master Wilfred, and you wunna reach the ship alive," cried Bill, "let alone come back. Nor the rest, nor the boat neither."

"It is possible; but I think we may hope for a better result. We are embarking in a good cause, and God is over us."

The last words told; for, of all men, a sailor has the most implicit trust in God's mercy; a simple, child-like, perfect trust, that many who call themselves more religious might envy. They were contending now who should man her, numbers being eager; and there appeared some chance of its rising to a quarrel.

"This is my expedition," said Wilfred Lester; "but for me you would not have attempted it; allow me the privilege, therefore, of choosing my men. Bill Gand, will you make one of us or not?"

"Yes," answered the old sailor, "if it's only to take care of you. My wife's in the churchyard, and my two boys are under the waters; I shall be less missed nor some."

The twelve were soon named, and they went into the boat. Wilfred was about to follow them, when some one glided up, and stood before him.

"Will it prove availing if I ask you not to peril your life?"

The speaker was Mr. Lester. Wilfred hesitated a moment before he answered.

"I could not, for any consideration, abandon the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you, I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of interest for my welfare. Father, this may be our last meeting; shall we shake hands? If I do perish, regret me not, for I tell you truly, life has lost its value for me."

Mr. Lester grasped the offered hand in silence, a more bitter pang wringing his heart than many of the bystanders would have believed. Wilfred leaped into the boat, and it put off on its stormy voyage, the spectators tearing round again to the spot, whence they could see the sinking ship.

What a fine picture the scene would have made! could it have been represented both to the eye and the ear; not unlike those old Dutch paintings of the Flemish school. The doomed ship and her unhappy freight of human life, soon to be human life no longer; the life-boat, launched on her perilous venture, making some way in spite of the impeding wind, now riding aloft, now engulfed under a huge wave, now battling with the furious sea for master; the anxious faces of the spectators and their hushed, breathless interest, as they watched the progress of the boat, or the dim and dreadful spot farther on; with the bright moonlight lighting up the whole, and the night sky, over which the clouds were racing! While, ever and anon, the faint tinkle of a bell might be heard from the ship, and the heavy bell at the castle still boomed out at intervals.

Would the boat reach the ship? Those in the boat, as well as those on shore, were asking the question? Bill Gand, the oldest of them, declared he had never wrestled with a gale so terrific, with waves so furious. The mystery to Bill then, and it would remain a mystery to him throughout all his after life, was that they *did* wrestle with them. Minute by minute, as they strove to labor on, and the angry sea beat them back, did he believe would be their last; that the next must see them in eternity; all who were with him believed so, including Wilfred Lester. How was it that they did escape? It appeared nothing less than a miracle, an impossibility effected, and they could not account for it—unless Wilfred Lester's words on shore could do so: It was a good cause, and God was over them.

But they did not reach the ship. No; too many poor wretches were struggling with the waves nearer to them, and they picked up what they could; picked up until the boat could hold no more. Shouting out a cheering cry of hope to the wreck, they turned in shore again.

The going back was less labor, for they had the wind with them, but it was not less dangerous. Some of the men, powerful, hardy sailors that they were, felt their strength drooping; they did not think they could hold out to the shore. Wilfred encouraged them, as he had done in going, cheering on their spirits, almost renewing their physical strength. But for him, they would several times have given up the effort in despair, when they were first beating on for the wreck.

"Bear on with a will, my brave lads," he urged; "don't let the fatigue master you. I and Bill Gaud are good for another turn yet; but we'll leave you on shore to recruit force, and bring others in your stead. You shall join again the third time. Cheerily on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take, to save them all?"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer. All could not speak, for some were lying, hurt or senseless, in the boat. He was an able-bodied seaman.

"It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time, if you do a second. She was parting amidships."

"Parting amidships!"

"I think so; and so did the captain. She must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking awfully."

"Whence does she come?"

"From New York. A passenger ship. A prosperous voyage we have had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span new, eleven hundred tons register, her name 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined her."

"Many passengers?"

"Forty or fifty; about half a dozen of them first class; the rest, second."

"Did you jump overboard? hoping to swim for your lives?"

"No, no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. Some had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the boat, if they were to get her to the shore.

A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of what the brave adventurers had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being done—the very small portion these few saved, formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester stepped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood, braving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repented of his late greeting. Wilfred saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-boat.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do anything towards saving, but I can towards sheltering."

Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be in readiness, if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking its way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice anything, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. "The time to thank you, I hope, will come."

Wilfred began mustering his second crew. Old Bill Gaud insisted upon being one.

"Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another; "I won't have you; you could not stand the labor."

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness, sir," pleaded Dick."

"I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Scarcely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shriek, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck. It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did; when they discovered what had happened—alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been too surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amidships, and was settling down in the water.

Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it may yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened out amidst cheers to force its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RESCUED.

But three passengers had been rescued. The two conveyed to the Sailor's Rest, who had been chief cabin passengers, and a steerage passenger; the rest saved, were seamen; not one of the officers, all had gone with the ill-fated ship.

Messengers had been dispatched to Sophie, and when the fly got there, she had warm beds in readiness, and hot flannels, in case rubbing should be necessary. One man, it was he who had seemed so exhausted, had nothing on but his shirt and drawers. A large cloak had been thrown over him as they raised him out of the life-boat; and then he spoke a few words.

"My head. I am cold. Get a shawl for my head."

Shawls were not plentiful on the beach, for none had been brought down, but a large neck-handkerchief was found in somebody's pocket, and the man's head was enveloped in it. He feebly pulled it far over his face, as if to shield it from the cold. Little could be seen of his features when he got to the Sailor's Rest, but Sophie jumped to the conclusion, by some reasoning process of her own, that he was a man of fifty or hard upon it. His wet hair hung about his face, nearly white hair. He declined all assistance, shut himself into the chamber prepared, dried himself by the fire, got into bed between the warm blankets, and then rang the bell.

It was for a large basin of hot gruel with a glass of brandy in it.

When the maid took it up to him, she said that the young man, his fellow passenger saved, wished to know if he could come in, or do anything for him.

No, was the answer. And the young man had better lose no time in getting to bed himself. He might come in in the morning; and nobody else was to disturb him till he had been in, unless he rung.

Sophie did not go to bed that night; she had said she would not, and was glad of the excuse of being busy. One of the rescued sailors had by some means got his head much cut; besides the two cabin passengers he was the only one taken to the Sailor's Rest, the others had found refuge elsewhere, and Sophie busied herself in attending to him, and in drying the younger passenger's clothes—for he, when saved, had been completely dressed.

About eight in the morning, Sophie was in her parlor, when the passenger, mentioned, entered, attired in the said dried clothes. Sophie turned hastily, and thought, in that first moment, that she had never seen so prepossessing a man. He appeared about four-and-twenty, tall, and of lofty bearing, with clearly-cut features, dark hair, and a most attractive countenance.

"Are you a clever needle-woman?" asked he, with a very winning smile.

Mrs. Ravensbird, won by the good looks, the courteous manner, and the pleasant voice, began protesting that she was famous, nobody more clever than she. She had been out door pupil in a convent in France for seven years, and let the Sisters alone for making girls into expert needle-women. Did the gentleman want a button sewn on?

The gentleman smiled again. Had it been only that, he thought he could have managed the job himself without troubling her, provided she had supplied him with needle and cotton.

"No," he continued, "it is something that requires more skill. I want a shade made for the eyes."

Sophie raised her own to the eyes looking at her; clear, bright eyes they were, of a dark gray, and she wondered what they could want with a shade.

"It is for my fellow passenger," he proceeded to explain. "I have been into his room, and all his cry is for a shade for his eyes. He suffered with them during the voyage, I observed, and the light of the room this morning affects them much."

"Oh, I'll soon make that," said Sophie. "Who is he, sir?"

"You must ask himself that question," was the reply. "A large shade, he said, made of thin card-board, covered with dark, blue or green silk, any color, in fact, and tapes to tie it on with."

"Tape!" ejaculated Sophie; "you mean ribbon, sir."

"Anything. He will not care what the materials are, provided his eyes are shaded. I asked him about breakfast, but he seemed only anxious for the shade."

Sophie soon got her necessary materials; a sheet of card-board, which she fished up from somewhere, and some purple silk, the remnant of a dress; and set to work. The gentleman sat himself on the arm of an old horse-hair sofa opposite, and watched her fingers. His orders were, he said, laughingly, not to go up again without the shade.

"And so you and he met on board as fellow passengers!" cried Sophie, as she worked. "Strangers, I suppose, to each other until then."

"We were on board, fellow passengers."

"It's strange how intimate people grow upon a sea voyage!" resumed she, "just as if they had been friends for years. The old gentleman seems ill."

"Very ill. Very ill, indeed, he has been all the voyage."

"What is his name? what was he coming to England for?" proceeded Sophie. "I suppose he's an American?"

"His name—his name?" deliberated the gentleman, as if casting back his thoughts. "I am not sure that I heard his name mentioned during the time we were in the ship. As to his motive for coming to England, I cannot speak. Gentlemen travellers do not unceremoniously inquire into each other's private affairs, Mrs. Ravensbird."

"I hope you will let me have the gratification of knowing your name, sir," continued Sophie, nothing daunted. "I'm sure it's a pleasant one."

"Do you guess so?" laughed he. "I do not discern much in it myself. Lydney."

"Lydney!" repeated Sophie, after him.—"And are you an American, too, sir? And have you come over on business?"

"I have come over on pleasure—to look about me, never having had the honor of seeing old England before," answered he, good-humoredly. "How many more questions would you like answered, Mrs. Ravensbird?"

"Ah, hah! it's my French nature, and I ask you to excuse it. I am not English; you may tell that by my tongue; and we Gauls are always curious. Do you speak French, Mr. Lydney?"

"Quite as well as I do English. My mother was a French woman."

Sophie's eyes sparkled with delight; her heart had warmed to him at first, she said, and forthwith she commenced a rattling conversation in her native tongue. He sat there till the shade was finished, and then went up stairs with it.

In the course of the morning Lord Dane walked into the Sailor's Rest, to inquire after the rescued. Richard Ravensbird was not in the way at the moment, but Sophie was quite equal to receiving his lordship. In earlier days, when he was plain and poor Herbert Dane, she had been rather fond of chattering to him, or he was to her; and her manners to him still retained far more of ease than did those of some of the inhabitants of Daneshold. Sophie began pouring into his ear all the news she had been able to collect, as regarded the two passengers, coupled with her own additions; for she was one of those who form conclusions according to their active imagination, and then assume them to be facts.

They were both Americans, from the United States, she said; the old gentleman travelling over here for his health, especially for a weakness in the eyes; and the young one for pleasure. They had first met on board, and got friendly together. The old gentleman's name she had not come at yet, but the young one's was Lydney. Such a pleasant young man!—spoke French like an angel—and as rattling and free as my lord himself used to be, in the bygone days. And Madame Sophie cast a half saucy glance to my lord when she said it.

"Are they gentlemen?" inquired Lord Dane. "Or people in business, merchants, and that sort of thing?"

"The young one's a gentleman, if ever I saw one," returned Mrs. Ravensbird, warmly. "In looks and manners he is fit, every inch of him, to be what you are, my lord—a British nobleman. There's no mistaking him for anything inferior. And, do you know, his face puts me in mind of somebody, but for the life of me I can't tell who. As to the other, the old man, I don't know whether he's a gentleman or not; I have seen little of him, except his shoulders and his purple shade; the one I made him; for there he lies, buried in his pillow and the bedclothes, his face to the wall, and his back up; and all you can discern of him, barring the shade, is his white hair.—When we go in with a tray of refreshment, he tells us to put it on the table by the bed, and helps himself when we are gone."

"The younger one is up, I suppose," remarked Lord Dane.

"Oh, up hours ago, my lord; up and out. He seems in a fine way about some box being lost that was on board, and is gone towards the wreck to hear if there's any chance of things being got up. Does your lordship think there is?"

"A few things may be, perhaps; I cannot tell. I wish to send a message to this old gentleman, if you will convey it to him," continued his lordship. "Say that I, Lord Dane, shall be happy to render him any assistance, and if he would like me to pay him a visit, I can do so now."

Sophie ran up the stairs to the invalid's chamber, and came back again, shaking her head.

"I'll lay any money he's a cross-grained old bachelor," cried she, "he speaks up so sharply. He answered me quite rudely, my lord. 'My service to Lord Dane, but tell him I am a private individual, seeking only repose, and am not desirous of forming acquaintance, even with his lordship.' You might speak it more civilly, I thought to myself, as I took it from him."

"Oh, very well," said Lord Dane. "When these disastrous circumstances occur, it is due from my position to show courtesy to the sufferers, but if it be refused—of course the obligation is at an end. It is the last time I shall trouble your old gentleman, Mrs. Ravensbird."

The wind was less violent this morning, and many people were gathered on the heights, watching the spot where the wreck had been. At low water part of the ship could be seen, and she lay with her larboard side to the rocks. Quantities of chips were floating about, and pieces of iron might be discerned on the beach. The masts and yards were gone, and there was no symptom of a bowsprit. Something more appalling than wood or iron floated in occasionally—a human body; not near enough, however, to terrify away the watchers on the heights, some of whom were ladies.

Standing most imprudently on the very edge of the heights, in their eager sympathy, their sad curiosity, were Miss Bordillion and Marin Lester. The latter, who was a little apart, bent forward to look at some bustle right underneath, when a gust of wind, more furious than any they had experienced that morning, suddenly swept over them, swept over Maria, and—

"Take care, Maria!" shrieked out Miss Bordillion, in an agony of terror.

Whether Maria could have "taken care," must remain an unanswered question. Certain it is, that the wind shook her, and she had all but lost her balance, when, at the very moment of peril, just as Miss Bordillion called out, a strong arm was thrown round her, and snatched her into safety. She had felt her own danger, and her face was perfectly white, as she turned it to her preserver.

She saw a stranger. A young, aristocratic man, who had "gentleman" stamped on every motion and lineament.

"I thank you very greatly," she said to him, from between her agitated lips; "I did not know the wind was still so high."

Miss Bordillion, in her gratitude, laid hold of the stranger's hand.

"Let me thank you! let me thank you! I do believe you have saved her from destruction! Ah, Maria! you may well weep!" she added, as Maria, overcome by the fear and agitation of the moment, let fall a few hysterical tears. "How could you be so imprudent!—how could you advance so near? Thank him better, child, for there's no doubt he has saved you from death!"

"Not from death so certain as I was saved from last night," he smiled, hoping to re-assure Miss Lester. "I was a passenger in that ill-fated ship," he said, in answer to the inquiring looks of Miss Bordillion, "and was one of those rescued by the life boat."

"Is it possible?"

"But for a gentleman who took the command of that life boat, and shamed the sailors—as I hear—into manning her, sharing himself the danger, we should all have perished," he proceeded. "He was but a stripling, no older than myself; but he showed a braver heart than the inured-to-danger sailors."

Maria's face was glowing as a damask rose, and the tears rested on the eyelashes.

"Shall I tell you who that was?" she said. "It was my dear brother, Wilfred Lester."

And in a few minutes it seemed as though they had been conversing together for years. There are certain events that break the barriers of restraint more effectually than time can do.

"We must not part without hearing your name," said Miss Bordillion.

"William Lydney."

"And I am Miss Bordillion. And this is my address," she added, giving him a card, for she, like many other old-fashioned ladies, kept her card case in her pocket. "I hope, Mr. Lydney, that you will call upon us."

"That I will be sure to do," he answered, a gratified expression lighting his countenance. And he lifted his hat as Miss Bordillion and Maria moved away.

The chamber in which the invalid lay, at the Sailor's Rest, was a commodious room, the bed at the further end of it, opposite the door, and the fire place in the middle, between the two. It was very comfortably furnished: a sofa, a centre-table and side tables, besides the requisite furniture for a sleeping-room, but its space afforded good accommodation. On this same evening at dusk, Mr. Ravensbird himself was in the chamber, attending to the fire, when the sick gentleman suddenly addressed him.

"What sort of a neighborhood is this?"

Mr. Ravensbird probably wondered in what light he was intended to take the question, whether as to its natural, its social, its political features, or any others. But he did not inquire.

"It's a dull neighborhood rather," said he. "Except when it gets enlivened by any such event as that, last night; or by a poaching or smuggling affray. Lord Dane's having abandoned it for several years did not tend to make it gayer."

"He is your great man of the locality, I conclude, this Lord Dane?"

"Oh yes, sir. The Danes have been the lords of Daneshold from times unheard of. And plenty of state they have kept up. But, to have the castle closed, or as good as closed, has been like a blight upon the place.

"The present Lord Dane has been absent from it?" questioned the invalid.

"He went abroad almost as soon as he came with the title, within two or three months of it, and has not long returned. Eight or nine years he must have been away."

"Is he married?"

"No, sir. His sister is with him at the castle at present; Miss Dane. And will stop, people surmise, unless his lordship should give it another mistress."

"Perhaps you'll inform me what you are talking of," cried the invalid from the bed. "Lord Dane has no sister."

"Yes he has, sir. And she is with him, as I tell you, at the castle."

"Then I tell you he has not a sister," was the sick man's irritable answer, but delivered in a subdued, quiet tone as the rest of his conversation had been, as though the voice stuck in the throat. "Some years ago I was in this part of the world and knew all the Danes, the present lord I know very well: there was no sister then."

Richard Ravensbird thought it as well to drop the contention and suffer the stranger to have his own way, for he did not appear one likely to relinquish it. He stretched his head up to get a sight of the sick man's face, but did not succeed, the upper part was under the purple shade, and the lower part under the bed clothes.

"Yes, I knew a good bit of the Danes then," went on the invalid. "My lord and my lady, the two sons, the cousin—in short, all of them. Has the younger one, William Henry, ever been heard of?"

"How do you mean, sir?" quickly cried Ravensbird, who began to doubt whether the stranger was cognisant that he, Richard Ravensbird, had been suspected of, and charged with the murder, a point upon which he was sensitive. "He was heard of so far as that his body was found, and was buried in the family vault."

"How did they recognise it?"

"By certain marks," replied Ravensbird. "I recognized it myself. I was Captain Dane's servant."

"It was a nasty pitch over, that fall from the heights," soliloquised the stranger: "it took place while I was in Daneshold—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, you are never Colonel Moreton?" breathlessly uttered Ravensbird.

"What if I am?" coolly asked the stranger.

Ravensbird paused. He did not know "what," but felt in much doubt and surprise. Convinced moreover also that, whoever it might be, whether Colonel Moreton or another, his own suspected share in the affair was known. He therefore set himself to speak of it calmly and openly, as he always did, to those aware of the struggle: otherwise he preferred to maintain a complete reticence on all points relating to that night.

"Yes, it was a fatal fall, a nasty struggle," Ravensbird observed: "and who the adversary was, remains a mystery to this day. Two or three were suspected. I, for one, and was taken up on suspicion; and a packman, for another, who was seen in angry contest with the captain on the heights, that same night: but I, in my own mind, suspected somebody else."

"Pray whom did you suspect?"

"I should be sorry to tell," answered Ravensbird.

"What were the grounds for suspecting you?" inquired the invalid, after a pause.

"That quarrel I had with Captain Dane—which I suppose you heard of, if you heard of the rest. It occurred in the morning, when he kicked me out of the castle, and the catastrophe took place in the evening. People's suspicions—and naturally enough, I acknowledge—flew to me. But they were wrong. I would have saved my master's life with my own: I would almost bring him back to life now at the sacrifice of my own, were it in my power. I was much attached to him, and I am faithful to his memory."

"In spite of the kicking out?" put in the stranger.

"Pshaw!" returned Ravensbird. "A dispute of a moment, in which we both lost our tempers, could not destroy the friendship of years. Yes, sir, I presume to say it; friendship. He was the Honorable Captain Dane, and I but his servant, and though he never lost his dignity, any more than I forgot my place, there was a feeling between us that might be called friendship.

There ensued a long silence. The gentleman broke it.

"What has become of Herbert Dane? He was to have married Lady Adelaide Errol. There was some—some—some talk of such a thing, I fancy."

"He did not marry her. Ah! that was another mystery. She would not have him, after all; and she married Mr. Lester. She has a whole troop of children now."

"And where is Herbert Dane? What has become of him?"

Ravensbird turned round to the bed in astonishment.

"He is at the castle now, sir: I have just said so."

"He at the castle! What for?"

"The castle is his home, sir," replied Ravensbird, beginning to wonder whether the sick man was in his right mind.

"Whose home? I am speaking of Herbert Dane. What should bring the castle his home? Does Lord Dane tolerate him there?"

"Why, sir, is it possible you do not know that Herbert Dane—that was—is the present Lord Dane?" uttered Ravensbird. "He succeeded the old lord."

The stranger raised himself on his elbow, and peered at Ravensbird under the purple shade.

"Then what on earth has become of Geoffry?—the eldest son? Where was he—that Herbert Dane should inherit?"

"He died at the same time as his brother," answered Ravensbird, shaking his head. "Before the body of my master was found, the remains of the other were brought home, and interred in the family vault."

"Where did he die? What did he die of?" reiterated the invalid, who appeared unable to overcome his shock of astonishment.

"He died of fever, sir. I can't take upon myself just to say where, for I forget: but he was put on board at Civita Vecchia. My lady went, almost as quick; and the old lord did not live above a month or two."

"I know; I know," cried the stranger with feverish impatience, "I saw their deaths announced in the newspapers; and I saw the succession of the new peer, 'Geoffry, Lord Dane.' Not of Herbert."

"His name is Herbert Geoffry, sir. As soon as he became heir, he was no longer called Herbert, but Geoffry. It is a favorite name with the Lords Dane."

The invalid lay down and covered his face. Ravensbird was about to leave the room, when he spoke again.

"This Herbert—Lord Dane, as you tell me he is—is he liked?"

"He has not given much opportunity to be liked or disliked, sir, stopping away so long," was the rejoinder of Ravensbird. "He behaved generously in the matter of my lord's will. The will left presents and legacies to servants, and fifteen thousand pounds to Lady Adelaide Errol, but my lord died before he signed it; consequently it was void. The young lord, however, fulfilled all the bequests to the very letter, as honorably as though he had been legally bound to do so."

"Why did he not marry Lady Adelaide?" sharply put in the invalid.

"She turned round, sir, as I tell you, and would not have him. It was exactly like a sudden freak, a change of mind that nobody could account for. My present wife was maid to her at that time, and I heard of her refusal: but it was not generally known that there was anything between them."

"Perhaps there never was anything between them," remarked the invalid.

"Oh, yes there was, sir; when he was plain Herbert Dane," significantly replied Ravensbird. "Ah! he little thought then to be what he is now—the lord of Daneshold!"

The stranger turned his face to the wall, and put up his back; and nothing could be seen of him but his white hair and the purple shade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIFE'S PORTION.

"And what shall *I* be?" asked a little dame,
Whose spouse is "running" for a Governor's name.
"Why, *you*," quoth John, "if words have any force,
You'll be, my dear, *a governess of course*!"

☞ The fittest dower for a widow—a widower.

☞ At a Printers' festival, recently, the following toast was offered:—"Women—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news."

☞ The term *renaissance* is principally applied to architecture. The exact meaning of it is "a new birth," and it means the reformation of taste from the mediæval style to a revival of classical (Greek and Roman) forms. But this term *renaissance* is vague in its application, and it is employed to designate various revivals of various dates.

☞ Forty years hence, even according to the past ratio of increase, the American people will outnumber the united population of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland; and there are persons now living, who will see our people outnumber all the inhabitants of Europe combined.—*The World.*

☞ A young lady who was employed in braiding a safety-chain for a gentleman's watch, was asked what it was for. "A bell-rope, sir," replied she. "I acknowledge it is a *belle*-rope," rejoined he, "and a pretty one, too; but I suspect we shall find a *bean* attached to it when it is finished."

☞ THE VALET OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.—The undertaker.

☞ Eels are covered with a mucuous substance, which makes them difficult to hold, and has led to the notion that they are devoid of scales. This is an error, as it is said they are discovered readily with a magnifying glass.

☞ "I'll be with you in a crack," as the rifle-ball said to the target.

☞ The best way to humble a proud man is not to take any notice of him.

☞ Every art is best taught by example; good deeds are productive of good friends.

☞ The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 22, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMOVAL.

The office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No. 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

TRAVELLERS' STORIES.

Generalization is the bane of all books of travel. The traveller sees a country under a certain aspect—perhaps a rather unusual one—and straightway notes it down as the general appearance of things in that part of the world. Thus we have Charles Mackay writing as follows, and, in the main, correctly and beautifully, of the Autumn in America:

It was a beautiful morning when I took the train from Boston for the Falls of Niagara. The foliage was not in the full bloom and flush of that autumnal glory which makes the month of October so lovely in America, but the trees were far from bare. The "pride of India," the ailanthus, and the elm were shorn of their splendors, and were all but leafless; but the oaks, and more especially the maples, glittered in green, brown, and crimson magnificence. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the American maples at this season, when their leaves, turned to a blood-red color by the first touch of the winter frosts, gleam fairest of the fair, amid the yellowing foliage of oaks and beeches, the bright green of the fir-trees, and the more sombre verdure of the omnipresent pine. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere so transparent that remote objects were brought out sharply and distinctly, as if close to the eye. To the mind of one accustomed to the English and Scottish landscape, there was one fault to the character of the scenery, and that was *the absence of the green grass, earth's most beautiful adornment in the British Isles, but which is nowhere to be seen on the American continent after the early summer. The heat of July parches and withers it, and in autumn and winter there may be said to be no grass at all—nothing but shrivelled herbage, dry as stubble, and of the same color.* But otherwise the landscape was as fair as poet or painter could desire, and the delicious blue of the sky, and the hazy, dreamy stillness of the Indian summer, made amends even for the absence of grass. If nature had not spread a carpet, she had certainly hung curtains and drapery of regal magnificence.

Now the above statement as to the grass, is occasionally true; but by no means the general truth, as Dr. Mackay has stated it to be. In some of our autumns—the present one, for instance—the grass is almost as green as in June; in others, it is partially injured by the heats of July; but the parched autumns like that described in the extract we have quoted, are the exceptions, not the rule. Again, there may be no grass in Northern New York, and yet plenty in Southern New York, and in the rest of the Northern States. Very seldom is it the case that the same amount of rain falls in the summer, in all sections. But a traveller seldom is content to speak of what he sees; he must build up a vast fabric of generalization on one little incident.

Suppose that an American traveller in England during the last summer, should feel called upon to write a volume. This is the way he would do it—if he did like others. He would say:—

"The weather in England is so changeable during the summer that fires are constantly built in the dwelling, and thick winter clothing constantly in use. For long intervals of nearly three weeks at a time, the sun is not seen for even the space of an hour. The season being similar to that of France, where it also rains every day for weeks through the summer, with an occasional exception of an hour's sunshine—which is just sufficient to prove that there is a sun in this part of the world, a fact which a free-born American might fairly be excused for doubting."

Ah well, no doubt there are a good many American books written in this style—an overpowering tendency to generalize being the bane of all, and not merely of English, travellers.

BEAR IT IN MIND.—We trust that our English friends will bear in mind, that the late attempt to drag the Prince of Wales by main force under an Orange Arch, was not made by citizens of this "anarchical" Republic, but by the loyal subjects of the British crown, residing north of the Canada line.

Bearing this in mind, they will be able to perceive that mob violence is not entirely the fruit of Republican institutions, but the result of the untempered passions of man—which untempered passions may run riot under any form of government.

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS.—As we still have occasional orders for this picture, we may state that we can no longer supply them at twenty-five cents apiece. Hereafter fifty cents must accompany the order. They are dirt cheap at that.

GOLD.

Some persons seem to have rather exaggerated ideas of the effect of increasing the supply of the precious metals; witness the following paragraph, from one of our exchanges:—

If gold were as abundant as iron, it would be cheaper than iron, for then no one would give a pound of iron for a pound of gold. Gold is not so valuable an article for exchange as it used to be. Eighteen hundred years ago, the exchange value of gold was at least ten times as great as it is now, for then there was much less of it. If gold was only used to exchange for wheat, then if there were only a million bushels of wheat, and just a million ounces of gold, a bushel of wheat might be exchanged for an ounce of gold. But if there were twenty million bushels of wheat, and a million ounces of gold, an ounce of gold would be exchanged for twenty bushels of wheat. When wheat is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of gold; just so when gold is very plentiful, it takes more of it to buy a given amount of wheat. So you see the world would not be any richer than now, if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now. The only result would be, that it would take more gold to buy other things.

The word "abundant," in the above case, has a rather indefinite meaning—a very costly thing to produce, may yet be produced in "abundant" quantities. And the value of the article will be determined, in a great degree, by the cost of producing it. Thus, if gold were as plentiful in nature as iron, and a pound of gold could be produced at the same price as a pound of iron, their relative values would be the same—if their usefulness to man were the same. But if a pound of gold took ten times as much labor to produce it, it might be just as plentiful as iron, and yet ten times dearer.

Then again, if you increase the quantity of gold in the world twenty times as much as you increase the quantity of wheat, it does not follow that it will take twenty times as much gold to buy the same amount of wheat. If there was only one ounce of gold in the world, it would not buy all the wheat in the world—and if there was only one bushel of wheat in the world, it would not take all the gold to buy it. Destroy half of the gold in this country to-morrow, and in all probability the price of wheat would not fall one-fourth. Then again, if the void was filled with *paper* money, the rise of wheat might be double the fall.

We think, for our part, that the world would be richer than now, "if a hundred times as much gold were found as there is now." Gold has many other uses besides its use as a currency—and its use as a mere minister to the sense of beauty, is by no means to be considered a low or inferior one. Perhaps it is really one of the highest—as the rose may have a higher and more spiritual mission than the nutritious grain.

But the subject is a very wide one—and few, if any, understand it in all its bearings. That there is a general connection between the prices of products and the amount of currency (gold, silver, and paper credits) is doubtless true; that there is a *regular* response in the rise or fall of prices, to the rate of increase or decrease of that currency, cannot, we think, be shown. Prices are affected by so many considerations, and articles have such a relative value to each other, as well as to the currency, that he must needs be a more profound thinker and acute observer than is often seen in this world, to be able to tell whether the price of any article will be higher or lower at the end of a year.

THOSE OLD STOVES.

We would respectfully suggest to the Directors of the Germantown Railroad, now that the winter is approaching, that those old stoves which have served the company to the best of their ability for so many years, should not be pressed again into service. In the natural course of events in this world, everything must have an end. We know this to be true, although the continued endurance of those old stoves would seem to throw doubt upon the assertion. And yet, even in their case, the spirit of the act "for the prevention of cruelty to animals," would seem to forbid any longer tampering with such decaying and ricketty organizations. If the Directors have too much regard for those venerable stoves to sell them as old iron, let them call a special meeting of the company, and bury them decently—the stockholders following two and two, preceded by the Directors with tears in their eyes, mourning alike over the sad fate of the old stoves, and the expense of getting new ones. If an epitaph should be wanted, to cut upon the tombstone, the following is at the service of the Company:—

Here lie them stoves—them good old stoves!
We think they're gone to heaven!
That they could go to any spot
Where the fire is wanted rather hot,
There's not one chance in seven.

REFORMING BACKWARDS.—Mr. Cobden, the English Reformer, it seems, was recently given the credit of certain opinions which he is by no means anxious to father. Whereupon he writes as follows:

"The paragraph you enclosed, giving a conversation of mine, is one of those rascally acts of eaves-dropping for which American newspaper writers are so notorious. There is a good deal of the paragraph which agrees with what I have *thought*; but whether I expressed it in private conversation is more than I could swear to, as no one expects to be made responsible for private gossip. There ought to be the punishment of the pillory or the stocks revived for those who publish in newspapers the unguarded remarks which fall from a man in private conversation, when he frequently speaks merely to provoke a reply and keep people from going to sleep over too serious an interchange of views."

Such practices are very reprehensible certainly, but we are surprised that a great Reformer like Mr. Cobden, should go in for the "revival" of those relics of barbarism, "the pillory and the stocks." How will it sound in history, when some new Macaulay—with what truth our readers may judge—shall record this of Mr. Cobden.

☞ Four-story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER FOUR.

LUCERNE, August 24, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The rain, which has so sorely tormented nearly the whole of Europe, during this most unpropitious of summers, and which detained our party for several days at Interlachen, cleared up at last, and we started, at a very early hour, in an open carriage, and ready to enjoy to the utmost the beauties of the romantic valley in which lies Lauterbrunnen, with its magnificent waterfall, the next point on the route sketched out for our wanderings; and whence we were to make our first Alpine ascent—that of the beautiful Wengern Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau—to be followed by that of the Brunig and Great Scheideck Passes; all famous for the splendor of their views, and surrounded by the snowy giants which constitute the peculiar attraction of Alpine tourists.

This most lovely valley is as full of legends as of beauties. One point is held to be the scene which Byron had in his mind in his description of the residence of "Manfred;" another point is shown as the place where the Lord of Rothenflue murdered his brother, and then, stung with remorse, deserted his ancestral castle, and fled from the sight of his fellows into the recesses of the mountains, where he perished miserably. The picturesque ruins of the ancient castle of Unterspunnen, perched on an eminence, but half lost amid firs and brushwood, formerly belonged to a very old baronial race, who were lords of the whole Oberland, from the Grimsel to the Gemmi.—Burkardt, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, the Lady Ida; and this daughter had given her heart to an adoring young knight, who was attached to the court of Count Berchtold, of Zahringen, between whom and Burkardt a long and deadly feud subsisted. Rudolph of Wadenswyl, the young lady's lover, despairing of obtaining her father's consent to his suit, scaled the castle walls by night, and carried off the Lady Ida, whom he immediately espoused. Many years of sanguinary strife ensued between the bride's father and the party of her husband; and no intercessions of hers seemed likely to stop the bloodshed between their respective retainers and allies. But at length, sick of all this tumult and slaughter, Rudolph determined on making a supreme effort to obtain his father-in-law's forgiveness; and taking his infant son in his arms, with the Lady Ida by his side, he presented himself, unarmed, at the gates of Burkardt's stronghold. This appeal to the old Baron's affection and generosity so strongly affected him that he burst into tears, forgot his anger, and receiving his children in his arms, made Rudolph's son the heir to his vast possessions. At the time of this happy reconciliation, the old Baron had said,

"Let this day be forever celebrated among us!" and rural games were accordingly, for many years, held on the spot. These were revived in the early part of the present century, and consisted of the *gymnastic exercises, wrestling, pitching stones, &c., so common in* Switzerland, and at which, at the favorite periodic gatherings, called "Schwing-feste," the Switzers compete for the prizes given to the strongest and most skillful. A huge fragment of rock, weighing 184 pounds, which, on one of these occasions, was hurled ten feet by an athlete from Appenzell, may still be seen here, half buried in the ground.

The beautiful valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for its narrowness, and the nearly vertical precipices, clothed with orchards, patches of barley, and forests of fir, that hem it in. Its name means, literally, "nothing but springs," and well is it named, innumerable streamlets descending headlong from the tops of the rocky mountains on either hand, and casting themselves, like so many tremulous threads of silver, into the foaming river that rushes so swiftly through the valley, fed by the distant glacier-torrent of the Schmadribach, dimly seen pouring down from the flanks of the snowy mountain that fills the head of the valley. So deep is this valley, that the sun, even in summer, does not show himself until seven o'clock; in winter, not before twelve!—But wild and striking as is the scenery of the valley, its principal attraction is the famous waterfall of the *Staubbach*, or Dust Fall, one of the loftiest in Europe, being nearly 900 feet in height, pouring in graceful pendant curves over the edge of the vertical precipice from which it plunges, without let, halt or hindrance, into the depths of the valley below. The stream itself is inconsiderable in point of volume; its peculiarity consisting in the immense, unbroken length of its vertical fall, during which it is shivered into shining, dust-like spray long before it reaches the bottom. Byron has likened this most beautiful fall to "the tail of the Great White Horse in the Apocalypse:" most ladies would probably liken it to a pendant scarf of the most exquisite *guipure*; the two similes together affording a pretty good idea of its appearance.

After gazing at this most beautiful object until our eyes ached, and we had been nearly drenched with the clouds of spray that are driven off from its base to a distance of many yards, we got into one of the little rough pony carriages of the region, and explored the valley as far as practicable by wheels, purchasing delicious strawberries of little barefooted children, and "doing" two or three subsidiary wonders in the way of waterfalls, one of which, a considerable stream, has worn its channels so deep into the rocky side of the valley that it cannot be seen until you clamber into the fissure, though filling the air to a considerable distance with its deafening roar.

At a very early hour next morning—for no one thinks of beginning these mountain-doings later than six o'clock,—our party was off for its first "ascension;" the ladies stuck upon the rough-looking horses in use on these occasions, the gentlemen, who had purchased alpin-stocks the preceding day, of the women who deal in these and similar articles in the cottages about the foot of the Staubbach, accompanying on foot.

To those of my fair readers who have never "done" one of these ascensions, it is impossible to convey any but a very attenuated idea of their horrors. The path is usually such as would be considered impracticable, even for bipeds, anywhere but among the Alps; narrow, uneven, full of holes, some of which are left to yawn as they please, others being partially filled with blocks of stone, among which your Rosinante flounders and stumbles to the amazement and despair of its rider, and though the surefooted and intelligent animals are rarely known to fall, it is impossible for you to imagine that it can keep its feet in such a road. Add to this that the path in its zigzagging windings, is usually very much more steep than the roof of an ordinary house; that it frequently consists of a kind of rude staircase, which, though its steps are somewhat broader than those of ordinary houses, is usually much steeper, its steps being formed sometimes of masses of stone, sometimes of logs of wood firmly bedded in the soil, the space between these logs being filled with great stones, some fast, others loose; and that the path, narrow and indescribably bad, but usually fenced in at the lower points of the ascent, often passes along precipices which fall away, sheer and dizzing, for hundreds and thousands of yards beneath you, is utterly without fence of any kind in its higher portions. You soon perceive that the holding of the reins, under such circumstances, is a mere work of supererogation; and getting the guide who tramps along at your horse's head, to tie the useless "ribands" round his neck, so as to have them comfortably out of the way, you hold on firmly to the rail which surrounds your saddle, and helps to keep you in your seat, and trusting to Providence, the guide, and the steed, hold your breath to keep from screaming, and endure the unspeakable bumpings, thumpings, jerkings, and joltings which necessarily result from the positions into which your steed is thrown in his efforts to keep his feet. Sometimes the horse is reared on his hind legs, while his fore legs with difficulty bite the grounds, or insinuate themselves among the logs and stones, as he pulls himself up to the higher point before him; sometimes the road makes a sudden pitch of a few yards, round some steep shoulder, and it is the turn of his hind legs to be uppermost, as he feels down before him cautiously with his fore legs, while nothing short of a miracle seems to keep you from slipping down over his head, and the jolt with which the patient creature brings down his hind quarters, when he has succeeded in planting his forelegs on something firm, is admirably calculated to give you a "realizing sense" of what would be your sensations if condemned to suffer martyrdom by being "shaken to pieces." In general, a slip of the horse is followed by an objurgatory exclamation of the guide, and a firmer next-step of the animal; but in very bad places, and especially where the road is very wet from rain, or from a stream having taken possession of it, the horse will sometimes execute a succession of long, jolting slides, from which it seems impossible that he should ever recover himself, and at every one of which you give yourself up to certain destruction, or at the least, the breakage of half the bones in your body.

Of course these clamberings are performed at *the slowest possible walk; an entire day being consumed in performing a length of way which*, on level ground, and a more practicable road, would be easily gotten over in a couple of hours. As to the descents, which are still more difficult, and in which the motion of the horse is still more distressing to the rider, very few of them can be performed on horseback. Few persons would have the courage thus to face the wide gulph of space that opens before you when you turn your back to the side of the mountain; and fewer still could endure the physical distress caused by the motion of the horse, as it flounders down with its crupper in the air, and its head almost lower than its hoofs.

So much for the physical *enjoyment* of a mountain-climb; and which is only rendered endurable by the hope of seeing the Alpine Giants in their glory, and as they can never be seen or imagined from lower altitudes.

And how magnificently glorious they are, these white-robed, shining, solitary dwellers in the blue, with the massive grandeur of their mighty outlines, the majestic sweep of their glaciers, the roar of their ice-torrents, and the thunder echoing of their avalanches! But my pen *is running on too fast*; and must turn back, from this glimpse of the heights where the stern, fair Giants hold their court in upper air, to note the varied beauties which tempt the most timid to undertake these ascensions, and most amply overpay the various concomitant miseries.

In the first place, flowery as are the Swiss pastures in the valleys—and it really would seem as though Swiss hay must contain a dozen blossoms for every blade of grass—this floral wealth grows richer with every step you take, as you advance up the mountain, and above the carpet of wild strawberries and raspberries that covers its base. Except the common English daisy—which I have not seen anywhere in Switzerland, though the great "moon-daisy" grows in profusion both in the valleys and on the hills—every English wild-flower grows luxuriantly upon the Alps, together with many which are seen in England only as denizens of the garden; and in addition to these are an amazing number of flowers peculiar to these regions, some of them seeming to be peculiar to each Alp, and not showing themselves on the others. Many of the common English wildflowers, moreover, here assume a depth of hue, and even a variety of color or of growth, that fairly entitle the old friends to be counted as new ones; the modest white flower so much beloved by English children under the familiar name of "Hen and Chickens," for instance, grows both much larger, and much smaller, on the Alps, and puts on every conceivable shade of pink and lilac; the dandelion, too, is found of many shades, from the most delicate straw-color to the hue of the Maltese orange; the myriads of harebells indulge in fanciful caprices, and come out in tall waving clusters, with the long orthodox stems which tremble in the lightest wind, or restrict themselves to three, two, or even a single blossom, strongly hung on a sturdy stem of only an inch or two in height. The Indian pink, thrift, columbine, snapdragon, crimson thistles, as fragrant as they are beautiful, campanulas, canterbury-bell, and a thousand others, grow in profusion; the stone-crop—always yellow elsewhere but here, decking every patch of rock with delicious broideries of white, pink, gold, and purple—the ever-lonely thyme, the wild mint, the beautiful dwarf azalea, known here as the "Alpin rose," and covering thousands of acres with its glowing blossoms, together with the rich flora peculiar to these mountains, cover every inch of surface, and convert the rugged mountain-sides into a vast mosaic, of the most admirable hues, and of most delicious perfume. The scarlet clusters of the barbery, are everywhere to be seen, with a host of other shrubs peculiar to the region, laden with red, black, and purple berries. The groves of pines constitute another delightful feature of the scene; and in these Nature shows herself as capriciously lavish of variety and ornament as in the flowers, some of them bearing the ordinary brown cones so well known wherever fir-trees flourish, while others are rich in clusters of gold, of amber, of rosy pink, and, most beautiful of all, of a warm reddish purple, contrasting magnificently with the dark green of the spiky foliage, and the soft gray of the long pendant moss that hangs from the under side of the branches.

It is very interesting to those who explore the Alps for the first time, to note the changes which succeed one another in the aspect of the region about them. While plodding through the valley you have a river, as a matter of course, tumbling and foaming under a few rustic bridges, grassland, patches of crops, walnut, cherry, and apple trees, with here and there an oak or elm;—cottages, church-spires, and the dingy looking barns in which the villagers keep their stock of hay for the coming winter. When you begin to ascend the mountain, you see the chalets of the cowherds dotted over its turfy sides, at a considerable distance above you, with herds of cattle lazily browsing to the soft tinkling of the bells round their necks; the straggling edges of the groves of firs which clothe the hills above the region of the chalets being the only trees to be seen at that height. Having journeyed successively past the chalet, you enter the region of the firs; when these are past, you are surrounded only by low bushes and flowers. Above the flowers come the mosses; above these, bare, stern, hard rocks, without the faintest trace of vegetation; then the snow; and above the snow, the illimitable blue. At every step some new object of interest, some new point of view, meets the eye; the field of vision grows wider, and its elements are seen under a new aspect. The valley at your feet assumes new forms and puts on new tints; distant waterfalls come into sight, shining in the sunlight, and towering peaks, unseen before, lift themselves silently into view, gleaming with the inimitable whiteness of eternal snow, or wreathed with mists, or capped with clouds, according to the ever-shifting whims of the weather. What with the purity and freshness of the air, the spicy exhalations of the firs and flowers, the magnificent panoramas spread before you on every hand, and the hope of still finer views from the summit of the pass, it is impossible to conceive of anything more exhilarating and spirit-stirring than are these ascensions, on a fine day, despite the equitatory horrors by which they are inevitably attended.

But glorious as are your sensations during one of these ascensions, provided the sun be shining, just so ignominious is the state to which you are reduced if overtaken, as is, alas! too often the case, by rain. For no one who has not been in Switzerland in bad weather has any idea of what rain can be; and at these high altitudes, where you mount into, and above, the ordinary path of the clouds, you are necessarily exposed, far more than at a lower height, to the vicissitudes of the weather. The present season has been, in Switzerland, as through the greater part of the old world, the wettest and coldest within the memory of the present generation; and great has been the sum of disappointment thus caused to this summer's wanderers among the Alps.

For ourselves, the weather remained fair until we had gained the summit of the Wengern Alp; when thick masses of cloud began driving into the pass, impairing our view of the avalanches that were thundering about us in every direction down the sides of the Jungfrau, which, with its attendant peaks of the Silberhornes, the Eiger, and the Mouch, tower above the Wengern Pass, encircling it with their glaciers—and gradually shutting out everything from our view save about fifty yards immediately before our noses.

Imagine the descent of an Alp under such circumstances; the pelting rain, the driving wind, the sudden conversion of the "road" into an endless alternation of puddle and stream; the splashing, stumbling, slipping, and sliding, and the pitiable state of soaking and mud in which, after six or seven hours of "progress under difficulties," one reaches the inn which is to be one's halting-place for the night!

Such, with the exception of a few bright gleams, was the fate of our party on the Brunig and Great Scheideck Passes; though we had lost several days between each ascension in waiting for the "*besser wetter*" that was constantly predicted, but that did not come. Exquisite glimpses here and there we had; but of the magnificent succession of snow-peaks, glaciers, ice-seas, mountain-torrents, and the towering glories of the vast mass of the Weisshorn, overhanging the latter pass through its entire length, the envious bank of mist that chose to settle doggedly into every cranny of the mountains, on both occasions, allowed us to see literally nothing, except such of their lower features as lay too close to our desolate track to be shut out even by the rain that fell in a dense and solid sheet throughout those good-for-nothing days!

One word about avalanches, and I must bring this yarn, already too long, to an end. They are formed, as everybody knows, of the softer snow on the steepest sides of the snowy-mountains, which snow, being detached by the effects of a thaw, or of the wind, rolls downwards with a thundering noise whose echoes reverberate from every direction, filling the silence with a majestic roar which harmonizes magnificently with the wild grandeur of the surrounding scene. The appearance of an avalanche is rather beautiful than imposing; and you can hardly believe that the falling of the powdery snow-drift you have just caught sight of up there upon the snowy heights of the mountain yonder, can have set all those thunders a going. Yet that light, powdery drift, breaking into white dust with a motion like that of waves as it breaks into foam, was made up of masses of snow and ice, weighing many thousands of tons; and terrible is the mischief they do when they fall into valleys that serve as the abode of men. For instance, in the winter of 1819 one of these graceful, innocent-looking drifts of what appears at a distance like a mere shower of white dust and pebbles, fell from this very Weisshorn to see whose glories we vainly toiled up the long day's-pull of the Scheideck, getting nothing but a nine-hours' sousing for our pains, and precipitated itself from the gap in the precipice above the village of Randa, through which the Bies glacier descends. This gap is 1,500 feet high; the avalanche, in its descent, did not, happily for Randa, fall upon it, but passed a little on one side of it; yet the mere draught of air by its fall from so vast an elevation, destroyed the greater part of the houses, scattering the timbers of which they were built, like so many straws, to the distance of a mile, over the sides of the mountain, and hurling millstones many fathoms up hill!

After all our fatigue and disappointment among the mountains, caused by the well-nigh incessant rain, our satisfaction in settling down for a few days' rest on the banks of this most beautiful of European lakes, will readily be understood; and here, wishing that all the readers of THE POST whose fate may ever take them into Switzerland may be favored with more propitious weather than has been vouchsafed to the Alps during the present season, I take my leave of them until next week.

QUANTUM.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Mrs. Alice W———, residing in Seventh street below Mound, is over fifty-seven years of age, having been born in April, 1803. At the age of 26 she was married, and since that time her domestic peace has been uninterrupted by sickness of any kind, and undisturbed by the cares that invade families cotemporaneously with the advent of children. About a week ago, she astonished her husband, physician, and friends, by giving birth to a pair of boy twins, both of whom are large, healthy, rosy, plump and pretty as babies ever are, and, from present appearances, likely to live a hundred years. The gray-haired mother is fast recovering from her singular illness, and filled with a sense of pain-bought happiness, enjoys her new relationship as much, apparently, as any mother could.

The case, we do not believe, has a parallel in the history of the century, and we doubt very much whether, outside of the Bible, can be found the relation of a similar one. Nature, it would seem, is always ready to startle humanity with some marvellous thing which appears to be a violation of all her known laws, and leave, by seeming miracles, both pundits and philosophers, as well as physiologists and physicians, as much in the dark in regard to what is legal with her, as they are in regard to the language of the angels, or the customs of the inhabitants of the Pleiades.

NONE OF THEM WORKING.—According to the London Observer, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is not the only deep sea telegraph communication which refuses to work. The Red Sea telegraph is out of order; the Malta and Cagliari line, of about 300 miles in length, has long been interrupted. The line to Algiers has been abandoned, the cable from Malta to Corfu has also gone the way of its predecessors; that from Aden to Kurachee has contributed nothing for some time past to the stock of weekly despatches. The failure of all these is attributed to want of knowledge of the qualities of the materials employed, and the peculiar character of the electric fluid. There has been not only insufficient experience, but a great want of care in the manufacture of submarine telegraphs, and a desire to economize expenditure. Notwithstanding these failures, there are projects in Europe for laying down other deep sea telegraph lines, including one across the Atlantic from Denmark to America.

MUST BE GLAD TO HEAR IT.—Count Persigny, in an address to the Department of the Loire, took occasion to re-assure England that the French Emperor means no harm towards that Government. The political system imposed by the treaties of 1815 having been subverted by Europe herself. "France no longer threatens nor is threatened. Her work is achieved, and the mission of the new Empire is accomplished. The military role of France in Europe is at an end." This "military role of France" has given a great deal of uneasiness to Europe, and particularly to England, and all those powers who looked upon the large military establishment of France as a "standing menace," must be glad to hear that it is at an end. If the French Emperor had not deceived the world in the first instance, he would not have to repeat so often these declarations of his peaceful intentions before he can be believed.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Economist says:—"It is estimated that there are now about thirty-six mills in operation in different parts of the United States, in which from 6,000 to 10,000 hands are constantly employed. About three-fourths of the operators are children under sixteen years of age, who are engaged at comparatively trifling wages. The entire value and machinery of the mills connected with the silk trade is estimated at $3,000,000. The average cost of manufacture on silk goods is about one-half of the value of the raw material. Taking, therefore, the value of the import of the raw silk, in 1859, at one million, we shall have about $2,000,000 as the present value of the annual production of silk goods in the United States."

MATTRESSES FILLED WITH WOOD.—One of the Down East inventions of the past year is a machine for making curled hair for mattress-filling out of wood. A solid block of maple, basswood, quaking asp, or any other sweet-scented inexpensive wood, is rapidly converted into a fibrous mass, much resembling white horse hair, and this makes excellent filling for mattresses, and is much cheaper than hair, wool, or cotton, and better than husks, moss, seagrass, &c. The machine is not expensive, and can be set up in any place where wood is plenty, and where there is water or steam-power. It can be worked by any ordinary mechanic.

INSANITY.—Dr. Jarvis, who has just visited all the English insane institutions, with a Government order that everything should be shown him, reports that their system is far more humane than the American; that wooden window-frames have taken the place of the iron ones; that eighty per cent. of the inmates are employed; that to Dr. Connelly is due the credit of leading this reform.

THE late Vital Statistics of Great Britain and France show that twice as many persons are born in a year as are married; and that out of a thousand persons, the births in a year in Great Britain were 34 to 27 in France, the deaths 27 to 24, and the marriages 15 to 16.

To Make Shrubbery Bloom Twice A-Year.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—For the especial benefit of those who love to surround themselves with the treasures of the floral kingdom, I write these lines, and ask for them a place in the columns of THE POST. And though I do not claim to have made an original discovery of the fact of which I shall hereafter speak, yet it may not be generally known, and by publishing this you may have the thanks of many who love to retain around them the appearance of the vernal season if not the reality; and enjoy at least twice a-year the beauty and perfume of spring's earliest flowers. The fact to which I allude is that of making shrubbery bloom twice a-year, or once oftener than it otherwise would if let alone. The process is simple enough, consisting merely in pulling or clipping off the leaves about the middle of summer, and the work is done. I have only experimented upon the Lilac (Syringa Vulgaris.) Hearing it remarked that stripping the leaves off this bush would have the effect of making it bloom again, I determined to try the experiment upon a lilac bush which grew in our garden. So I pulled all the leaves off the first day of August, and now at this date the twenty-fourth of the same month it is in full bloom. The thyrses are not so large, but three times the number that it produces in the spring. In four or five days after stripping you could see that the flower buds had swelled, and in the remarkably short time of twenty-four days the flowers had fully expanded. How far the experiment may be successful with other kinds of shrubbery I cannot say, yet think it would succeed with many. There is something so flattering to man's exacting nature, in the idea that he may command the trees to blossom and they obey him, that of course I was greatly elated at the success of my experiment.

Respectfully yours, ROBERT L. SCHROCK.
Sullivan Co., Missouri, Aug. 24th, 1860.

[NOTE.—The above plan is worth a trial, but it should be tried cautiously on a few plants at a time. We should fear that the ultimate result would be the injury if not speedy death of the plant experimented upon, from exhaustion. Mr. S. must let us know if he has any lilacs next spring, and how his bush is then.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

EPIGRAM ON A DECOLLETE DRESS———.

That "effects are the same from a similar cause,"
Is one of the famous Socratian laws,
Whose falsity we may discover:
For—quite in the teeth of the logical rule,
The style of apparel that keeps Emma cool,
Just kindles a flame in her lover!—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ GRADUAL REPENTANCE.—Gradual repentance is like a man who wants to be taken out of a burning building, but who says to those about him—"Now, don't take me out too suddenly; take me down first to a room where it is not so hot as it is here; and then to another room, where there is still less heat, and so take me out gradually." Why, the man would be a cinder before you got him out. A man who wants to reform should reform perpendicularly.

☞ A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suited* me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might *suit* me for *forty years to come*."

☞ Charles Reade believes in American literary genius, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance! In Great Britain there are 505 newspapers; in America there are 4,000; and there lies buried, *for the present*, many an immortal genius—buried, but to me not hidden. I can see their fitful gleams in reading these papers."

☞ A HINT TO MARTIN THE VEGETABLE VOYAGER.—In rowing a boat on vegetarian principles look out for leaks. That's wherry funny!—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Dr. Windship is opposed to all *severe exercise*; we have heard him say, that all time, as a general rule, spent in a gymnasium over thirty minutes, is worse than wasted. He lays it down as an unfailing proposition that the rivalry excited in gymnasiums is physically bad, for that each student should be governed alone by his own power of endurance and capacity, and that the feats of others can be no criterion for his individual ambition.

☞ Squire Jack was a cabinet-maker and undertaker, known far and wide as a master-workman. One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the squire, and he ordered him off in this wise: "Begone, you scoundrel; you havn't paid me for your first wife's coffin!"

☞ THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occurs these memorable words:—"The sacred rights of man are not to be rummaged for among old parchment or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

☞ CENSUS PECULIARITIES.—In a town in Connecticut the census marshal found two maiden ladies who were *two* years younger than in 1850. In another instance a woman of 48 was found with a son of 36. The husband of the woman, a second one, was 30. Queer things the census shows.

☞ Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," cried Lord Came, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

☞ A Western editor wished to induce a farmer to subscribe to his paper, but his objection was that it was not an agricultural sheet. The editor declared it was, and, in proof, exhibited an article on "Sowing Wild Oats."

REMEMBER!

The meanest face you look upon, the clay of coarsest mould,
Through which no ray of spirit-day, close-watching you behold;
Where petty cares have dimmed the glance, and furrowed in the brow,
And evil thought a sign has wrought beyond erasing now—

This form so mean, so cold, so low, this seeming soulless clay,
Were once the grace of a baby-face, and the beauty of childhood's day;
Those eyes once gazed with eager trust, above, around, below,
And a mother with pride that was hard to hide pushed the hair from the open brow.

The proudest heart that wakes your pride by the evil spell of sin,
The harshest tone that makes harsh your own, if there be no watch within;
The most unloving unloved soul that can blight your hope or fear,
And careless look down on your smile or frown, as if from a separate sphere—

That nature cold and proud must yet mysterious terrors know,
Must wrestle with Death for each gasping breath, must be laid in the dust below;
That voice must sink into whispers faint, a meanest service crave,
And that hand must cling to some humble thing in a shrinking from the grave.

Familiar thought, I own, to all, this truth of our common lot,
Yet midst jar and strife of the daily life, its lesson is forgot;
We pity withheld from the haughty dust that must shroud and pall endure,
And with loathing shun some world-stained one that was once a baby pure.

Not wholly in vain were the fancy tasked from the actual oft to turn
To the rosy sleep only cradles keep, to the shade of the funeral urn;
The present may all loveless seem; be o'er it a memory cast
Of the first low cry and the last sad sigh—of the Future and the Past. S. C. C.

A VISIT TO THE "SPIRITS."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I, the writer of this article, have seen something of the spirit doings, and I will state candidly what I have seen, and what I have thought. I do not affect infallibility; but I believe I am unprejudiced, and I know that I love truth.

In a small street off one of the west-central squares live two women, one old, the other young, and both mediums. To them went I and a party of friends; some believing, others wholly skeptical, others, like myself, of no fixed opinion, but anxious to know the truth. When we entered, a clergyman was interrogating the spirits, and seemingly much edified by their answers. After a time he took up the Bible from the floor, and turned the leaves till he came to some which the spirits had doubled, while under the table; but which he scarcely found applicable to his present questions. However, he helped the spirits and the medium handsomely out of the difficulty, by saying that they bore on the subject of his last week's lectures; but as it would be rather hard to find a series of texts that did not bear on any theological subject whatsoever, or that could not be twisted so as to seem to bear on it, I confess I did not think that experiment very satisfactory. The company arriving irregularly, the circle was perpetually disturbed; and as the spirits only rapped when the younger medium was present, it was trying to those who came in good faith, to have to submit to the total cessation every time the medium, and the spirits, and the candle streamed down stairs to answer the door. In their absence, the clergyman making some question very urgently, I tried the table; and with a slight and wholly imperceptible movement of my wrists, I tipped it quite easily and made it answer exactly in the same way as the medium had done. This I did twice; no one suspecting, no one seeing, not even the friend who was sitting next me, and who did not believe in spirits. And if I could so easily move the table, and on a first trial, what could not one who had studied its capabilities effect? That table was as easily manipulated as if it had been made of paper, and almost as light; and the slightest movement of the wrists sufficed to tip it. When the medium returned, and the circle closed again, we had a few more "experiences." A spirit announced itself. For whom? Single raps (negative) came; no, no, no, for one and the other; until three affirmative tippings pointed to my friend. Who was the spirit? father? mother? child? brother? Yes: brother. The name? The alphabet was called for, and a name spelt out. "Edward." Now, my friend never had a brother who died, and never one at all, living or dead, of the name of Edward. So much for even the common phenomenon of this medium's thought-reading.

The spirits now promised to do a great deal more. The medium, myself, and two others held an oblong piece of paper by the four corners. Immediately there was a scratching and a tapping on the underside of the paper, close to the medium's hand. It was not impossible for her to have produced those sounds, and I, intently watching her face and movements—having been rendered suspicious by my own easy performances with the table—can distinctly affirm that she did produce those sounds—she and no other. A tray was manipulated in the same way. It was placed upside down on the table, and the medium and ourselves laid our fingers upon it. This tray was of extreme flexibility; it was a lively tray, and somewhat eccentric in its movements. Suddenly, as if tired of being shaken and tapped on, it started up and rapped the knuckles of one of the party—I think, of the clergyman, but I am not sure. And here again I distinctly saw the younger medium lift the tray by a sudden pressure of her thumbs, and I saw her rapidly strike the edge against the hand in question. Then the table reared itself up, and sustained itself in the air for some seconds; but again the medium's thumbs were underneath, and her knee was against the top. This I also most distinctly saw—for she is not very accomplished yet in sleight of hand, and a very little careful observation can detect the manner of her tricks. I was then touched underneath the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped by something flexible and springy, but not muscular. Others were grasped, too; all but my friend, whose feet were tucked away under the chair, and so were out of the line of the medium's foot. And all the while this was going on, I felt the young lady's knee work up and down against mine, as each person cried out he was touched, and she pulled the strings of her puppets at her will. Then an old, badly tuned guitar was held by the clergyman, and played under the table. The clergyman sang the Old Hundredth in a low and tremulous voice, and while he sang, a few simple chords were struck out, such as would have suited anything; but I deny that there was any attempt at known melody in the music, or that it was anything more than could have been produced by sweeping the hand or foot over the strings at certain intervals. But some of the believers were quite overpowered with this "manifestation," and one or two were deeply affected. To my ears, not perhaps capable of appreciating what to them seemed such heavenly harmony, it was a simple string sound, such as could have been easily effected by drawing the toes over the strings.

The light was now put out, and the spirits rapped us all to another and more commodious part of the room, where they had promised to show the hands. A double circle was formed, and when we were fairly placed, which was not until we had gone through a great deal of trouble and annoyance—for the spirits were suspicious and full of fancies and caprices, and would not have any one too near, but drove one over anxious gentleman clean away from the place where they were to show—after many such shiftings and turnings, the mediums got settled, and the spirits seemed to be content. But they would not show the hands, though abjured to do so in the name of God, and also familiarly scolded and rated for their breach of faith. A small bell was then set running about the room—they said it was running through the air—and ringing as it went. We could not see it, but we heard it ringing in different paths, or places, about the room, but always close at hand. Suddenly it seemed to fall over on its side, and then the spirits rapped out their dismissal, and the *seance* was at an end. One thing I have forgotten; two gentlemen were asked to agree between themselves on a certain moment by the clock, when the spirits would rap as soon as the minute hand reached the spot. They did so, and the raps did come at that very instant. This was the only clever thing in the performance, and, excepting this, the whole affair was a somewhat dull and most barefaced imposition. As I sat and looked at it all, I scarcely knew which filled me with most surprise, the unblushing impudence of the actors, or the marvellous credulity of the spectators. There was not one single thing performed that was not an open and palpable deception; yet here were sane, well educated English men and women grouped, full of faith and belief, round two illiterate conjurors, whose tricks would have been utterly contemptible but for the painful amount of human trust and reverence given to them. It was something inexpressibly sad to see these two wretched women were able to play on the holiest and deepest feelings of their audience; how, for the paltry sum which they gained from each as the price of their deceptions, they mocked the most sacred truths, and cheated the most earnest faith. It was a degrading exhibition, and all the more so because men of cultivated understandings and women of ordinary perceptions gave into it without question or examination, and set aside the precious mental power of critical reason, in favor of blind, headlong, unreasoning credulity.

I know that I shall be met by believers with the argument that all the greatest scientific truths were, when first propounded, scouted and disbelieved; witness Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, and others. But although truth in all such cases has not prevailed at once, and although the beliefs in them have languished, yet, even when weakest, such beliefs have always been strong enough to leave broad marks behind them—broad enough for the wise to stand upon, whence to assert, and eventually to sustain, them beyond dispute. Truth never dies away without leaving some mark. "Spiritualism," on the contrary, has burnt its feeble light from the earliest times of the Old Testament; it has flickered, then gone out from sheer exhaustion. It has been forgotten, then "discovered" again; then it has flourished among a certain class of weak people, and has made a noise—for your hysterical subjects are always very demonstrative. Then belief has been exhausted, and the sickly flame has been extinguished, to peep out again at some future time, and in the same way, to die out. This seems to be the difference between the reception and destiny of truth, and imposture.

One of the most provoking peculiarities of the spiritualists is the definite manner in which they speak of indefinite things and indefinite sensations. A publication called the Spiritual Magazine is especially full of this sort of unblushing assertion. Things, which in the seances some people say they see, and others only think they see, and others don't see at all, are set down as positive, actual, undeniable facts; as undeniable as this paper on which I write. If, at the distant end of a large room, and in the dark, a medium says he is floating up to the ceiling, it is stoutly asserted that he is so floated up, and that the people present are witnesses of the feat. Not so; the people present are only witnesses of the fact that the medium asserts this, and that he marks the ceiling; they are not witnesses how he got up so high to make his mark. With ottomans, chairs, and darkness, he may have been able to climb, unperceived, so near, as to mark the ceiling otherwise than by being taken up to it by spiritual hands.

Again, is an audience necessarily a collection of converts? If I go merely to see these things, have the exhibitors a right to parade me as a voucher for their truth? A certain nobleman, who took especial pains to guard against such an assumption, is ranked as a convert; and the unbelieving son of the conductor of this journal figures (when he is well on his way to China) in two numbers of the Spiritual Magazine as a believer, for no worse indiscretion than the dangerous one of having gone to see what some experiments were like.* Seeing that it is almost impossible to make examinations during the experiments; that if you are troublesome or avowedly skeptical, the spirits will rap you out of the circle, and, not content with that, rap you out of the room—it is not very easy to detect the manner of the trick: it is less easy, indeed, than with the ordinary conjuror, who stands confessed to all the world before him as simply an ingenious machinist, with marvellous quickness of hand, and whom every one is trying to find out. No critical tests are allowed; no scientific investigation. Indeed, it would be utterly impossible, at the table of a friend, or even in the house of a person of condition, to take satisfactory measures for the detection and exposure of any such imposture as might be seen or suspected. If you go, you must go prepared to be convinced; and, if you desire to remain to the end, you must be careful not to express doubt, or dissatisfaction of anything that you may see. The spirits have a very summary way of getting rid of any one they have reason to fear may prove too inquisitive; and, when the mediums express their grief at the arrangement which expels you, and asks you, piteously, "what can they do? and, how can they help it?" you have no resource but to accept your fate. Thus they enforce the acquiescence of silence while you remain; and then write you down a convert the moment you retire.

* He is represented in the publication in question, with the utmost hardihood, as telling his father that he (his father) *"has been mistaken throughout. Good faith all these things can be, and are, for I have seen and heard them, father."* It is absolutely impossible that any statement could be more untrue than this is. He told his father that what he had seen and heard was very absurd; and he gave his father a highly ludicrous detail of the proceedings!—*Editor's Note.*

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says:—"I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position, and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first *penchant* was for a clergyman—he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer—a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, dancing, and flirting, left me. Either of these would have been my choice, but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

How the Russian Princes Die Off.—There is something eminently tragic in the lives of almost all the princes and princesses of the great Muscovite kingdom. Some die by the dagger, some by poison; some are dropping off suddenly in a mysterious manner, and others are ailing for years under the influence of a malady of which nobody knows the cause, and for which no physician can give advice. There has scarcely been one sovereign of Russia whose death appeared quite natural. Even the predecessor of the present Czar died with a mysterious suddenness, although he was one of the strongest and healthiest men in Europe, hardened like a mountaineer, simple and frugal in his habits, and accustomed to fatigue, and the extremes of heat and cold. Ever since his death, his widow has been suffering likewise, in a manner as yet unexplained. All the mineral springs of the continent have been appealed to in vain for a cure; in vain, too, the genial climate of Naples, Rome, and Nice has been tried. Hopeless and helpless the Czarina now returns to the cold grandeur of the north—returns to die.

How the Ostrich Lost the Use of its Wings.—Its race had once been beautiful, its wings broad and strong. Then, one evening, the largest forest birds said to it, "Brother, shall we fly to-morrow, God willing, to the river, and drink?" And the ostrich answered, "Yes I will." At dawn they flew away, first up towards the sun, higher and higher, the ostrich far above the others. It flew on in its pride up towards the light; it relied upon its own strength, not upon the Giver of that strength; it did not say, "God willing." Then the avenging angel drew aside the veil from the streaming flames, and in that moment the bird's wings were burnt, and he sank in wretchedness to the earth. Neither he nor his species were ever afterwards able to raise themselves up in the air. They fly timidly—hurry along in a narrow space; they are a warning to mankind in all our thoughts and all our enterprises to say, "God willing."—*The Sandhills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen.*

Cobweb Pills.—Dr. Donaldson, recommending the web of the common spider as an available remedy for certain fevers, says it is invaluable at times when quinine and other antiperiodics fail in effect or in quantity, not only from its efficacy, but because it can be obtained anywhere, without trouble and without price. This remedy, it was observed, was used a century back by the poor in the fens of Lincolnshire, and by Sir James M'Gregor in the West Indies. The doctor now uses cobweb pills in all his worst cases, and is stated to have said that he has never, since he tried them, lost a patient from fever.

THE FREE LIST.

AN ANECDOTE OF WEBER.

It is pleasant to be able to enter a fine theatre merely for the trouble of writing your name down on the "Free List." Many persons possess this real privilege; not only journalists who are in the habit of criticising the performances, but also well known authors, musicians, and even artists. It is a compliment which a manager of a liberal turn of mind pays to all persons whose opinion is of some importance to him, to say nothing of those whose opinions are of no importance to any one—not even to themselves. It gets the theatre "talked about," and benefits the manager if the representations are good; but if the contrary—then, the contrary. When Karl Maria Von Weber was in England, he happened to be introduced to the manager of the ——— theatre, who, by way of paying him what he considered the highest honor in the world, placed his name on the Free List. The acting at the ——— theatre was good enough in its way, but there was nothing in the performances calculated to attract a poet and a thinker like Weber, and a considerable time elapsed before it ever occurred to the composer of Oberon to take advantage of the privilege which the manager had accorded him. One day, however, he happened to be passing the door, when something in the bills attracted his notice. Then, remembering that his name was on the Free List, he went up to the superintendent of that department, and mentioned his name.

"Just gone in, sir," said the man.

"No, I am not gone in, but I will go in," replied Weber, "give to me a card."

"I tell you, he's gone in these five minutes, and why should I give you a card?" asked the man, rather brusquely.

"Because I am Mr. Weber," replied the proprietor of that glorious name, "and because my name is on the Free List."

"That's cool!" returned the official. "Why, you're as much Her Karl Mariar fun Webber, as I am. I tell you, he's gone in this ever so long. Two, sir? There they are, sir." These last words were addressed to a gentleman who had presented an order.

"Am I a liar, b'rapa?" asked the indignant Teuton, as if by no means prepared to receive an answer in the affirmative.

"I don't know who you are, nor what you are, nor where you come from!" was the reply; "only you're not Her fun Webber, and it's no good trying it on here." "Too late, ma'am! not admitted after seven, and it's now half past;" continued the man, as a lady exhibited a ticket of admission.

"But it was given me by Mr. Pennefeather!" objected the dame.

"Can't help it, ma'am; we have our instructions, and we must attend to them."

"Really, this is very extraordinary! I shall certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather."

"Can't help it, ma'am; you should have been in time."

"Should have been in time! What impertinence! I have a great mind to see the managers but I will certainly complain to Mr. Pennefeather, and he shall cut you up in his journal."

"Thank you, ma'am!"

Karl Maria was still waiting for his card, or rather was waiting with the view of proving that he was himself.

"What, you still here!" exclaimed the man in the box.

"I am Mr. Weber, and I will go in," replied the composer.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said the superintendent of the Free List, astonished at so much persistence. "As you *will* have that you're Her fun Webber, you shall go into the theatre, and see him."

"I insist upon it," answered Weber himself.

"Now you come along with me then, and you shall see him sitting in the front of the pit," (stalls had not yet been invented,) "as civil-spoken a gentleman as ever I saw; why, he has been in every night these two years."

"Is he a German?" inquired Weber, more and more astonished every moment.

"Is Karl Mariar fun Webber a German?" repeated the other, as if really shocked. "Why, of course he is. What a deal you must know about him!"

"I am he," said the German.

"Oh, you're *him*, are you?" said the Englishman, correcting (as he thought) the foreigner's bad English. "Well, then, who do you call *that?*"

They had now reached the stage, and from one of the wings Weber could see a German gentleman sitting in the front row of the pit, laughing, applauding, holding his sides; in fact, almost wild with delight. A comic actor was on the stage, and he was singing a song which, to the real Weber, appeared rather dull, not to say stupid.

"Well," said the official, "what do you say now?"

Weber gave no answer. The following reflections were passing through his mind:—"That man in the pit," he said to himself, "is an impostor, but he does me no harm. He is probably a poor man; and it is evident that his chief happiness consists in coming to this theatre, for it appears that he never misses a night. I have never thought of coming here before, and probably I shall never think of coming here again. Then why should I, for the sake of proving to this person by my side that I am Weber, instead of being Schmidt, Schneider, or any other German, deprive my unfortunate compatriot of what to him is a source of intense enjoyment? It would not enrich me, and would make him 'poor indeed,' as Shakspeare says:—

'Who steals my name steals nought. 'Tis mine, not his,
Nor anybody else's that I know of.
But if I stop this fellow's free admission,
I take back that which not enriches me,
And make him deuced poor.'"

The official heard the illustrious musician murmuring these lines, and came to the conclusion that he must be a madman.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired at last. "Are you satisfied?"

"Quite so," replied Weber. "I only wanted to see the composer of Der Freischutz."

"Then you admit that you're an impostor?"

"No; I only admit that I wanted to see the composer of Der Freischutz. Good night. Sleep well."

"Go along with you," said the superintendent of the Free List. "What strange fellows those Germans are," he added, addressing his friend the check-taker; and when *the* other Weber came out, he told him, with a smile, of the "dodge" that one of his countrymen had resorted to in order to gain admission into the theatre. The other Weber (who was a semi-insolvent boot-maker living in the neighborhood of Leicester-square) seemed amused, and continued to present himself regularly every night at the Free List office, until at last the good Karl Maria died.

On hearing of the great composer's death, the semi-insolvent boot-maker was amazed. He considered himself decidedly ill used, and did not even attend the funeral.

A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT.

An old soldier, writing to the late Duke of Wellington on the subject of corporal punishment in the British army, mentioned the following anecdote:

In 1816, when I joined the 87th Regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, there was a bugler in the corps who had been through the whole of the Peninsular campaigns. Paddy Shannon was a favorite with all the men, and something of a hero; but all Paddy had left was the recollection of these acts—his only solace, the notice taken of the canteen—his only triumph, the whiskey. Need I say Paddy Shannon became a "drinker," or that Paddy soon made his appearance at the halberds?

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen now, Sir Hugh! Do you mean to say you're going to flog me? Just recollect who sounded the charge at Barossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on their colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy again found himself in similar circumstances.

"Go on," said the Colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy. "I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed? then I wasn't going to say anything about that same, though you are, and ought to be proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garryowen to glory, boys,' and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them upon your coat of arms *in testimony thereof?*"

"Take him down," said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whiskey, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough that nothing should again make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride, and the breach of Tarifa, without any avail.

"And is it me," at last he broke out, "that you're going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole regiment, who know it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field Marshal's staff at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field Marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said: 'You have sent me the baton *of* a Field Marshal of France; I return you that of a Field Marshal of England.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon who took it? who never got rap, or recompense, or ribbon, or star, or coat of arms, or mark of distinction, except the flogging you are about to give him?"

"Take him down," cried Sir Hugh, and again Paddy was forgiven.—*Quebec Vindicator.*

THE HONOR OF INDUSTRY.

There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. A youth may have a yard-stick, or measure a piece of ribbon; and there will be no discredit in doing so, unless he allows his mind to have no higher range than the stick and ribbon; to be as short as the one, and as narrow as the other.

"Let not those blush who *have*," said Fuller, "but those who *have not* a lawful calling." And Bishop Hall said, "Sweet is the beauty of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind." Men who have raised themselves from a humble calling need not be ashamed, but rather ought to be proud of the difficulties they have surmounted. The laborer on his feet stands higher than the nobleman on his knees. An American President, when asked what was his coat-of-arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied—"A pair of shirt-sleeves."

Lord Tenterden was proud to point out to his son the shop in which his father had shaved for a penny. A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied—"If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles." Some small spirits, ashamed of their origin, are always striving to conceal it, and by the very efforts they make to do so betray themselves; like that worthy but stupid Yorkshire dyer, who, having gained his money by honest chimney-sweeping, and feeling ashamed of chimneys, built his house without one, sending all his smoke into the shaft of his dyeworks.

A DOWN LOOK.

A well-known writer, in alluding to the popular notion that bad men have a "down look," says:—"I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

We know a great many mean men who pride themselves upon the excellent manner in which they hold up their heads. If there is anything they do affect, about the time they are consummating some particularly mean and rascally business, whereby an honest man is to be pecuniarily skinned and secularly wooled, it is a look you-in-the-eye style of conduct. The prevailing idea that a mean man always looks mean; that a thief always looks like a thief, and sneaks about with a hang-dog look upon his countenance; that a murderer must necessarily have all the outward appearances of a thorough-bred ruffian; and that a hen-roost robber has hen feathers growing out of his upper lip in lieu of moustaches, is altogether erroneous. One of the handsomest men we have ever seen was Monroe Edwards. It is almost an invariable rule, that the greater the scoundrel the more engaging are his manners, the more gentlemanly his deportment, the more elaborate his toilette, and the cleverer and brighter and quicker his eyes. Now-a-days, for a first-class scoundrel in any of the walks of villainy, to be successful, the excellence of his personal appearance is one of his greatest aids. He is only the low-bred, illiterate, unshaven, poverty-stricken, petty rascal, who takes his place in the prisoner's box at the courts, or is tumbled neck and heels into the prison cell. His looks are too much in accordance with the popular idea of a criminal's appearance.

It is innocence whose eye is downcast, real worth which bends its head, and genuine integrity that shrinks from the stare of the world. Crime and Hypocrisy and Humbug hold a bold front, look you full in the face at every turn, and seem to defy scrutiny even while they invite it.

Swindlers, bank robbers, forgers, hotel thieves, pocket-book droppers, watch-stuffers, and even the Peter Funks, are gentlemanly-looking fellows, wear good clothes, smoke the best of cigars, indulge in shilling drinks, sport heavy jewelry, have the most unexceptionable moustaches, and can talk honest, look honest, and smile with all the unction of the purest and most trustworthy man in the community.

This is not unfrequently proved by the fact that after an extensive robbery or some other daring crime has been committed, the police very often arrest an innocent person as its perpetrator, solely because he has a "down look," can't give a "distinct account of himself," and unluckily happened to be caught in the neighborhood, "under suspicious circumstances," where the misdeed was accomplished. Arrest an innocent man, an honest man, and charge him with being the perpetrator of some heinous offence, and he will, in all outward appearances, look and act the detected rogue to perfection—i. e., according to the popular idea of a rogue. He will tremble, change color, hesitate, stammer in his speech, get confused, contradict himself, and feebly assert his innocence, until the crowd, by his own conduct, will condemn him off hand, and be ready to lynch him. Arrest the *real* rogue, and how firm, how ingenuous his demeanor! How grandly innocent he looks, with what scorn and expression of pride he repels the accusation! No quivering of the lip, no trembling of the limbs, no change of voice, no blanching of the cheeks. He tells a plain, straightforward story, accounts for himself and his whereabouts, answers all questions promptly, without the least hesitation, and walks off hearing the apologies of those who had made such a lamentable mistake in suspecting so honorable and honest a man as he.

He walks coolly off with the spoons in his pocket, while the frightened being who, perhaps, never before knew they had been stolen, is lugged and lionized through the streets by the sagacious myrmidons of the law, and followed by a hooting mob.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

PURE ENGLISH.

By a too ready adoption of foreign words into the currency of the English language, we are in danger of losing much of its radical strength and historical significance. Marsh has compared the parable of the man who built his house upon the sand, as given by Matthew and Luke. Matthew uses the plain Saxon English. The learned evangelist, Luke, employed a Latinized dictionary. "Now," he says, "compare the two passages, and say which, to every English ear, is the most impressive:"

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."—*Matthew.*

"Against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."—*Luke.*

"There can scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the relative force and beauty of the two versions: and accordingly we find, that while that of Matthew has become proverbial, the narrative of Luke is seldom or never quoted."

Dramatis Personæ.—The following is the accepted explanation of the origin of the term "Dramatis personæ:"—The stages and theatres of the Greeks and Romans were so immensely large that the actors, to be heard, were obliged to have recourse to metallic masks, contrived with tremendous mouths, in order to augment the natural sound of the voice. This mask was called by the Latins "persona," from *personare* (to sound through), and delineations of masks, used in each piece, were generally prefixed to it, as we now prefix the names of the characters in our modern plays. This we find from the Vatican Terence. Hence dramatis personæ (masks of the drama), which words, after masks ceased to be used, were understood to mean persons of the drama.

☞ Worldly happiness—a glittering false diamond, placed upon the top of a smooth greased pole, which all try to climb and secure.

STRANGERS YET.

BY R. MONCTON MILNES.

Strangers yet!
After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands—
Why thus joined? Why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways,
After care and blame and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of old friends,
After passion fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!
Nature by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher;
God Himself were loved the best,
Were man's sympathies at rest;
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of strangers yet!
Strangers yet!

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XIV.

For thee shall blaze no household hearth,
Thy steps shall never come
To some sweet quiet from the world,
And call it softly "home!"
No children watching at the gate,
With laughter clear and sweet;
No wife to rise, with loving eyes,
Her wanderer to meet. M. B.

It was strange neither Regina nor Clifford seemed to resent or question this extraordinary behaviour on the part of a servant. A nameless, instantaneous presentiment overwhelmed them both; even the child seemed to feel instinctively that trouble and shame brooded over those he loved, for, leaving his play, he came and leaned against his mother's knee, and placed his little hand softly in hers.

Howe was the first to speak.

"I seem to be taking a great liberty, my lady; but I think you will forgive me. I have things to say that no one but ourselves ought to hear."

Regina's eyes turned towards the child.

"He must not stay?" she whispered, to Clifford.

"Certainly not. And yet I do not know what we are going to hear."

"My lady," said Howe, "I will take Lord Erlinford up stairs, if you will permit me, and return to you."

"Very well," said Regina, "be good, Stuart, dear, and go with Howe. Mamma will come presently."

The child went quietly away. Silently those two awaited the servant's return. Their hearts were too full of doubt and fear to admit of a single word. Howe, coming back, hesitated for a moment before closing the door.

"My lady, the story I am about to tell is so very strange, that I shall need a witness of its truth to make you believe it. One waits in the ante-room; may I ring her in at once? It may save remarks among the servants."

"Do as you please," said Regina, feeling utterly bewildered. Howe stepped across the hall, held a parley at the door of the ante-room, and returned with Alice, who dropped an embarrassed courtesy, and retreated to the most shadowy corner of the room. Regina's noble and graceful appearance impressed her strongly; her heart was softened, moreover, by the glimpse she had obtained of Stuart's golden head, and sweet, fair face; and it needed many a thought of the nameless boy up-stairs to make her equal once more to the part she had to play. But it was too late to go back now, though she longed to do so. They were all there together, as she had so often dreamed they would be, and Howe was speaking.

"I should like to be allowed to tell this story in my own way, my lady."

"Go on, then."

"Years ago, there was a poor boy serving in the stables of a nobleman in ———shire. He had been born upon the estate, and there was not a tree or shrub about the ground that he did not love with his whole heart. The house was empty, and the family were abroad, with the exception of a son—the only son—who was a school-boy at Eton. But the little stable-boy dreamed always of their coming home, and of the devotion which he should pay to them, and which would end only with his life.

"The young heir was very wild, even from his first boyhood, and it was said that his conduct was fast breaking his mother's heart. They had taken her to Italy, after leaving him in the charge of a strict, stern tutor, and in Italy a second son was born. The lady died soon after, but still his lordship lingered abroad. Some said he was about to marry again, others that he was entangled in an intrigue with an opera dancer, others that he was too poor to live in England. But at last, much to the surprise of all who gossiped so freely about him, he returned.

"He was not alone. The boy—the second son—accompanied him. He was a gay, frank, courageous fellow, very different from his brother, and as affectionate and warm-hearted as any human being could well be. His father idolized him, and the Italian nurse who accompanied them, seemed only to live and breathe for him. She died—poor thing!—not long after they returned, and the old lord never held his head up afterwards. People said the reckless conduct of his heir, was sending him to his grave, but one knew better. Giula, the Italian, was buried in the family vault near the house, and the little stable boy saw him there one evening, kneeling and crying like a child. The body of his wife had been sent back to England, and was buried in the same place; but he shed no tears over her tomb—they were all for Giula. The boy wondered, then, how such a thing could be, but it was some time before he solved the mystery. And, meanwhile, he was devoted to the younger son. They played together all day long; they rode, they hunted, they fished side by side; and if his lordship at any time resented such an intimacy, one word from his darling would soothe him again, and induce him, not only to tolerate, but to encourage it. By way, however, of making the relation less objectionable, the lad was promoted from the stables, and followed his young master no less affectionately, that he was known in the house as his own especial servant. It was a happy time, although it could not last long. Am I tiring you, my lady?"

"No!" said Regina, who, with her face half hidden by her hand, was listening intently.

"They were together at school—not an English, but a German one—and afterwards at a university. The servant studied far harder than his master, and received from him, not only books and time, but assistance and encouragement of every kind. He had a thirst for knowledge, he was happy in its pursuit, and he loved the kind hand and heart that aided him with all the ardor of *his* nature. Do you think such a love could ever fail or change, my lady?"

Regina looked up, surprised, at this question.

"It depends on circumstances," she said, very slowly.

"It did change, my lady, and I will tell you how. The old lord died suddenly, and they were summoned home. The new lord was at Oxford, but he left it on the day of his majority, and went abroad. His health was very delicate; but in spite of that, he plunged into every dissipation that could be found in Paris."

"In Paris!" said Regina, turning very pale.

"Yes, my lady. He died there, in his twenty-third year."

"Ah!"

She placed her hand suddenly upon her heart. The story was growing more clear to her, though Clifford still looked puzzled and bewildered.

"In the meantime, the younger son remained at *his ancestral home. He was fond of his brother*—there were only a few years between them, and they had been much together in the intervals at school and college. The last wish of his heart was that his brother should die; but as there was a large provision made for him by his father's will, and he was his own master, he thought it incumbent upon him to follow that brother's example, which (if I may be allowed to say so much) was not a good one. Since he was not the lord, he would, at least, ape the lord's vices. And he began in a very promising way."

Howe paused, and looked towards the shrinking figure in the corner.

"Shall I go on?" he whispered; "or would you prefer to go back into the other room a few moments?"

Alice did not answer. But she made a hurried gesture of assent, that attracted Regina's attention.

"There was a girl, my lady, who dwelt at the park gates of that old hall, with her father, the lodge-keeper," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice. "Her mother had gone abroad with the family, when she was a little child, as nurse to the lady, and had died—so it was said—in Italy. Her father mourned for her in his quiet way, and gave himself up to his little child. No girl was ever more carefully tended, more truly loved, than—Alice!"

The woman behind him sat down, and buried her face in her hands, as he pronounced that name, and Regina fancied she heard a sob.

"She was beautiful, and graceful, and young—pure, too, as a lily—and the servant loved her dearly!" said Howe, slowly. "He would have laid down his life for her, and told her so! They were to be married; and, by the advice of his young master, he went away for a time to a farm, at some distance, belonging to the estate, which was to be his upon his wedding-day. He made the little home neat and gay for his young bride, and returned for her. But she was gone!"

"Gone!" cried Clifford, watching the cowering figure in the corner, and in his turn beginning to comprehend the story. "Gone—where?"

"Abroad, sir. God knows what temptations had been held out to her! She was young and giddy; and perhaps," he added, with a trembling voice—"and perhaps she loved him then better than the plain, awkward man she was to marry. He was loveable enough, if that was all."

"Who, Howe?"

"The—the young master, sir," was the low answer.

There was a long silence.

Clifford asked, at last,

"What happened next, Howe?"

"Not much. He returned, in a little time, to England."

"With her?"

"No, sir."

"Where was she?"

"I will answer *that* question!" cried the woman behind him, starting up suddenly. "She was alone, and ill, in a poor lodging, in Paris; there would have starved, if it had not been for the kindness of some Sisters of Charity, who found her in their rounds. She loved him—she left everything for him—he deceived her by a false marriage—and then deserted her and her unborn child, and left them to starve, if they chose!"

"Are you Alice?" asked Regina, rising too.

"I am Alice!"

"And the child?"

"He is under your roof, at this moment. You shall see him before he goes."

"Sit down," murmured Regina, sinking back into her own chair, and covering her eyes with her hand. "Go on, Howe. I must hear all now! What did this servant do, when his master returned?"

"What could he do, my lady?"

"Did he attempt his life?"

"Oh, no!" said Howe, with a strange smile. "That would have been a poor revenge! If the thought came to him in his first despair, he banished it. He forgave him!"

She looked at him intently.

"Howe, to this day, he has not done *that!*"

"Well, my lady, he appeared to do so. His master was satisfied, and took him back into his service."

Clifford and Regina exchanged looks.

"And then?"

"Perhaps, his master felt remorse for what he had done: for he was but a boy, after all. He went to London, 'to see life,' as he said. And he saw it. He took an odd fancy to the study of medicine, and walked the hospitals for six months or so. The servant was always with him, and there was scarcely a scene of vice and shame in this great, wicked city, to which he did not introduce the boy. His ruin—temporal and eternal—seemed an easy thing, when his brother died suddenly, and through his title and fortune he was restored once more to respectability. So ends the first part of the tale."

"It is a more horrible one than I have ever heard!" said Clifford, shuddering at the thought of the vindictive spirit that had haunted its victim through so many years.

"There is a worse to come," was the brief reply. "My lady, do you recognize the characters in the story?"

"Yes."

"And you, sir?"

"It would be difficult not to do so," replied Clifford. It was strange that neither thought for one moment of contradicting or disbelieving it.

"Then I may drop all disguises, and pass over some years of Lord Charlemount's life with little notice. He married, as you know, and broke his wife's heart. But that is too common an amusement to alarm any one, and wives are used to it. He went abroad after Lady Erlinford's death. Many women loved him, and the Italian Marchesa was not the only one who was ready to sacrifice everything to him. In spite of his inconstancy and selfishness, there was something so grand about the man's nature, that I could scarcely wonder at their infatuation. If he had not wronged me *as* he did, I should have shared in it, and forgiven him."

"Remember," said Regina, sadly, "that you are speaking of my husband, and the *father of my child! Also* that he is absent, and *cannot defend himself!*"

"My lady, I must speak the truth, whatever it may cost you. And your own heart tells you that it is the truth. He will be here soon. Let him deny one word of it if he can!"

"Go on."

"Among the many women who, as I have already said, loved the Earl, was one far too good and gentle for the fate she met with. She was a *danseuse*, and the fairest creature, save two, my eyes have ever looked upon. She was innocent as a child before she saw him. She never loved another. Yet, in a short time, he deserted her, as he had deserted so many others."

"Her name?" said Regina, almost in a whisper.

"Upon the stage, she won, by her light and beautiful dancing, the name of The Zephyr. But her real name was—"

"Ruth!" cried Regina, in a terrible voice. "My God! did he dare to wrong *her?*"

"He killed her!"

"How?"

"My lady, he had no half-brother Henry."

"Was it Charlemount who wrote those letters to her at Paris?"

"I wrote them for him, because he would have no evidence brought against him afterwards."

"Was it Charlemount who met her at the cottage window?"

"It was."

Regina gasped for breath, and held out her hand, as if for support, to Clifford.

"My friend, what have I done that I should have married this man?"

"You see, Regina, that I was less unjust than you thought me. I knew it was the Earl," he whispered, unable even at that moment to resist the temptation of vindicating himself.

"Hush!" she said, coldly. "What are your wrongs or mine to Ruth's? Howe, did she go to meet him on the next day?"

"She did, my lady!"

"Where?"

"To a cottage at Wilverton, in ———shire!"

"Was he there?"

"How could he be?" cried Clifford. "Have you forgotten that we fought that very evening?"

"Ah, I remember! But, Howe, this seems so dark to me! If he was not with her, why did she stay there so contentedly?"

"She was not contented, my lady!"

"How do you know?"

"I saw her twice!"

"By his request?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And what did you tell her?"

"That business kept him—but that she was to be ready to marry him as soon as he arrived!"

Tears fell fast from Regina's eyes as she imagined her dead friend, watching eagerly for his coming, who had no thoughts of her.

"And you dare to stand there, Howe, and tell me quietly of this! Had you no feeling, no pity for the poor child, whose only fault was that she loved him so?"

"My lady, if it had been my own sister, she would have been sacrificed as Ruth was. If it had been Alice, even—dearly as I loved her all my life long—she would have been second to my plan of revenge. You asked if I attempted his life, and I told you no. I did much more—I gave him my own. But it was only that every hour of it might be employed in bringing about the events that have happened to him, and are happening now. If I have sold myself to a terrible master, for the sake of accomplishing this revenge, at least I am receiving the reward he promised, and while I can enjoy it. Ruth—beautiful and gentle as she was—could be nothing more to me than another item in the long account of crime I was tempting that man to swell. I had no pity, no compassion to waste on any creature that furthered that plan of mine. Shall I go on, my lady?"

Regina was looking at him with a mute and terrified face.

"Yes, you may go on," she said, as she wiped away her tears. "I can hear nothing much worse than this. The letter, Howe—the letter?"

"What letter, my lady?"

"The one he brought to me—from her!"

"She never saw it!"

"And did she know that I was about to marry him?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Who told her? Not the Earl?"

"No; he had the grace to send me instead."

"My poor Ruth!"

"She was confined by his orders at the cottage, and the people of the village were told that she was mad. Yet, in spite of bolts and bars, she escaped that very evening, after she heard the truth of the story, and came up to London. My lord saw her the morning you married him."

Regina's brow grew dark.

"Before or after the ceremony?"

"After, my lady. They found her in Park Lane, with a group of boys and men around her. She had wandered about all night, but she recognized Lord Charlemount at once; and he took her home with him in the brougham. It was this that made him so late in joining you at the cottage. He was obliged to dispose of his victim before he could meet his wife!"

"Howe," said Regina, disregarding his taunt, "it was some time before you joined us abroad. Where were you?"

"At Wilverton, my lady."

"With her?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Why did you stay?"

"I was needed, my lady," was the mysterious reply, and Regina turned pale.

"You are keeping something back from me. What is it?"

"I wish you would ask Alice, my lady."

"What can she know of Ruth?"

Alice came forward, looking almost as pale as the Countess herself.

"I was the housekeeper at the cottage, my lady."

"You! Surely, *he* never put you there! *He* was not so lost to all delicacy and honor as to put *you* into any relation with her?"

"I know little of the Earl's *delicacy* or honor," said Alice, with a bitter smile. "But he did *not* know that Mrs. Maining and Alice were one! It was Howe who got the place for me and for my boy; it was Howe who sought me out, after he returned from Paris; in fact, it is Howe who has done everything!"

Howe smiled as if he had received the greatest compliment, when Regina turned her dark, haughty glance upon him.

"I would not be in your place! Even the Earl, bad as he is, would never have wronged you as you have wronged him! There is no treachery like that which aims a blow at us from our own hearthstone!"

"I agree with your ladyship," was the careless reply; "but was not *his* planned and plotted upon *mine?*"

She could not answer. In spite of all conflicting personal feelings, the three could but see that, according to the world's code of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," the man was in the right. As for him, no doubt had ever crossed his mind. "Justice, though the heavens fall," had been his stern motto through all those weary years. The arguments that rose to her lips were unspoken; the words of a milder doctrine—"if thy brother offend thee, forgive him; not seven times only, but seventy times seven"—would have been lost upon him, exulting in the hour so longed for, yet waited for as patiently as the Red Indian waits upon the trail of his unwary foe. There was a savage part in her own nature which had been lying dormant for years; and for a moment it stirred and thrilled in unison with his. It was in her, at one time, to have hated with such intensity as this, though her vengeance would have been swifter, and possibly not so sure; and, feeling this, she held her peace. "Line upon line, and precept upon precept," should not be wanting to that unhappy man; but she must be calmer first—she must have learned thoroughly to forgive the sufferings and death of Ruth. She could not do that now."

"Well, Alice," she said, sighing, as she took up the sickening examination again, "tell me, since he refuses to do it, why he stayed with you!"

"Ruth was so violent, my lady, that the doctor thought it unsafe for me to be alone with her, till Howe had shown me how to manage her. She was always quieter with him."

Regina started.

"Was she—did she lose her reason?"

"He brought her to the cottage, a raving maniac, on the very day you left England!" said Alice, with sad distinctness.

"Did the Earl know it?"

"No, my lady. Till she died, he never knew how ill she had been."

"Thank God for that!" cried Regina. "It is something to hear one word in his favor.—But my poor Ruth—my poor Ruth! Did she die in that dreadful state?"

"No; she had her senses when she died."

"Did she speak of me?"

"Your name was the last word upon her lips, my lady."

Regina turned her head away.

"Was there no message—no token?"

"This, my lady!" and in the outstretched hand Alice placed a small ivory box. Regina opened it, and started as a tress of soft brown hair fell clinging around her fingers. It seemed as if it was alive, and she pressed it to her lips, crying out, passionately,

"Oh, Ruth, Ruth, Ruth!"

There was not a dry eye in the room, for even Howe was touched and moved by the artless burst of grief. Alice said, through her tears,

"She sent her love to you, my lady; and to him—to my lord—her forgiveness!"

There was a long silence. At last Regina rose and turned to Clifford.

"I must go."

"Where?"

"Anywhere! I will take my boy and ask Helen to give me shelter for a time. I cannot see his face again till I have partially forgotten this. He told me she died in Germany, with his brother watching beside her bed."

Clifford looked perplexed.

"You had best stay and meet him, Regina. It must be sooner or later. Why not to-day? and then all the misery will be over at once."

"To think," she said, in the same low tone, "that for all these years he has lived this terrible lie! And I have trusted him so—I have pleased myself with the thought that, however false or insincere the world at large might be, there was nothing but the frankest truth, and the purest acts and motives, in my own happy home!"

"At least he has been true to *you!*" said Clifford, who felt that he could afford to say something in his rival's favor now.

"Yes," she answered, evasively; "in one sense of the word he has been true; but in another—oh, I cannot bear to think of it! If he, who has seemed so frank and generous, and kind, can be all that these two say (and I feel in my heart that they speak the truth), what hope have I in my boy—in *his* child? I wish he was in his grave! It would not be so hard to weep over him now as it will be hereafter."

"Take comfort," whispered Clifford. "You are his mother; and it is the mother who gives and who forms the higher nature of the child."

"Ah!" she said, simply, "that does not console me in the least; I know my own faults so well. I never wished the child to resemble me: but I thought he might be as frank and noble as I believed his father to be! If my boy grows up treacherous and cruel, I shall die!"

"It was all done to win you, Regina."

"Does that excuse it? Will God take it as a reason at the judgment day, that Charlemount loved me passionately, and therefore used that poor child so cruelly? To think of Ruth—the noblest and gentlest heart that ever beat on earth—to think of her being but a mere tool in his hand and those of his accomplices! to think that, because he wished to separate us, and to win me himself, he should lay plans like these, and trust to her simple earnestness to carry them out unconsciously for him!—to think that she lies yonder in her grave, and that I—I who loved her so—am here—and his wife! Oh, Ruth!" she cried out, passionately, lifting her hands and eyes, "if you can hear me in heaven, I ask *you* to love me still; and I tell you that this wrong which he has done shall never be forgiven!"

"Ruth herself forgave him—she would not wish you to say this!" said Clifford.

"I do not know. At this moment I feel only two things—that I hate him, and that my heart is broken!"

Her voice trembled and her head drooped.

"Sit down, Regina," said Clifford, passing his arm around her waist, as he saw how fast her strength was leaving her. "Lean on me!"

She obeyed. He knelt beside her chair and watched her anxiously. The mortal paleness passed from her face. She leaned towards him with a weary look in her beautiful eyes.

"Clifford, if it were not for my boy, I should like to die!"

"Poor child!" he said, using unconsciously one of the old pet names he had been used to bestow upon her in the brief season of their betrothal. But how differently he said it—how differently she listened—now!

"Oh, if you have a secret like this!" she said, suddenly, "tell Helen before you marry her! It will be far better!"

"Regina!"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! I dare say you have none. I only spoke because the thought struck me. Clifford, my dear friend, what am I to do?"

"I cannot tell."

"Will you not take me to Helen?"

"Now?"

"Yes!"

"Will it not be better to see him first?—Howe, when will the Earl return?"

Howe looked at his watch.

"We must send for him, sir."

Something significant in the man's tone attracted Regina's attention.

"Howe, did he really go to Captain Grosvenor?"

"Captain Grosvenor is in Paris, my lady."

"But the note?"

"It was written by me."

"Again!" cried Regina. "Is there not one action quite sincere? Why did you write it?"

"It was necessary that he should be absent while we came to this explanation with you. He never knew of Alice's return to England, or the existence of her son, till to-day. She wrote to inform him of the one—I told him of the other."

"And what did he say?"

"At my suggestion, Alice proposed—or rather, demanded—a meeting with him in S——— Place; and told him if he failed to keep the appointment, he would find her here this evening. He dared not disregard the message, but he begged me to arrange the matter in such a way that you should not surmise the cause of his absence. So I brought the note to him from Captain Grosvenor. It was the most plausible excuse I could invent, upon so short a notice."

"But Alice is here!"

"And my lord is at S——— Place, waiting for her. A note was left for him at her lodgings, saying that she was obliged to be absent a short time on business, but that he was on no account to leave the house till she came, or sent a message for him. As the business is despatched—at least as far as it can be without his presence—I think I may venture to send the message now."

"Let me go before he comes!" said Regina.

"My lady, you have not heard all."

"What more *can* there be?"

"Much that you little dream of. I beg that you will stay."

"If he sees you, Howe, after he finds that all is discovered, he will kill you," suggested Clifford.

"I am not afraid!" said Howe, quietly.

And going out into the hall, he despatched Roberts with the brougham, and a message that the Countess wished to see the Earl on business of the most vital importance, and begged that he would return at once.

"That will bring him, I think!" said Howe, as he walked up and down the hall, rubbing his hands together, and smiling to himself.—This hour was well worth waiting for. It repaid him a thousand fold for all those years of endurance which, in spite of his patience, he had found so hard to bear. And to think that after all the revelations he had made, one yet remained, far more important, in the eyes of most people, than any which had gone before! His exultation was like that of an enthusiastic card-player, who, when the victory is almost won, peers at his puzzled antagonist with laughing eyes, and hugs himself with delight, knowing that he holds the card of all others that is to decide the game, and only waiting for the happy moment when he shall display it, cover his adversaries with confusion, and fill the heart of his partner with joy, and their respective pockets with the golden store that glitters so temptingly upon the table between them.

In the drawing-room, Regina paced up and down, with the tress of brown hair clasped between her folded hands upon her breast.

"Poor Ruth! poor little Ruth! To think that I, who hoped to make her life so happy, should have been the very one to blight it! Do you think she knows now—up in heaven, Clifford?"

"I do!"

"That wretched man! And yet he has seemed so calm and happy all these years!—How could he? It would have driven me mad!"

"His conscience may be seared on this one point!" said Clifford, thoughtfully. "It is strange! His early errors were not like this. He was reckless, and even cruel, in one sense of the word; but there was no deliberate plan about them. I do not believe, in my own heart, that he intended harm to Alice, when he sent Howe away!"

"Indeed, he did not, sir!" said Mrs. Maining, taking part in the conversation. "He was very kind to me; and we were both so young; and I was, as Howe said, so giddy, that it was an easy matter for us to go astray. I could have forgiven him for that, or even for the false marriage, if he had only been true to me. But he left me and my child to starve, and from that day to this has never cared to know if I was alive or dead. That I will never forget—and for that I am here to-day to give my evidence against him! I swore them, though the good Sisters tried to stop me, that he should never have a happy home, and that if any woman loved him, I would turn her heart against him by repeating my story to her, and the stories of others as deeply wronged as I!"

"Well you have kept your vow!" said Regina. "He will never have a happy home again—at least, with me! I shall take my boy, and go away from this house to-night; and never again, to the day of my death, will I be called by the name he has disgraced!"

Alice gave her a strange look, and seemed about to speak. But she checked herself.

"Are you in earnest, Regina?" said Clifford, in a kind voice.

"Indeed I am!"

"Then as a brother I offer you a home! Come and live with me and Helen!"

He held out his hand. She took it, much moved, held it for a moment, and then, before he could prevent her, raised it to her lips.

"Will you come, dear Regina?"

"No, Clifford!"

"Why? You cannot fear me now!"

"No, dear friend! Nor would your Helen. But the world—one must look to that a little. It would never believe that we were only friends!"

"What will you do, then?"

"I have my little cottage at Brompton; I shall sell that. Then my own fortune, which I earned honestly. And my Texas villa—Stuart and I will take refuge there; and when he grows up, if he wants more than his mother can give him, he must earn it. It will not hurt him; and that free America is a land of busy hearts, and heads, and hands. Alice, you said your son was with you. I should like to see him!"

"Here!" asked Mrs. Maining, with a flush of pleasure on her cheek.

"Yes!"

"I will bring him to you!"

She passed out into the hall. Howe stopped her, to ask where she was going. He smiled when she told him, and listened eagerly to the wheels of a carriage outside.

"It has stopped! He is here! Yes, Alice; go for the boy and for your mother! We shall have a family party soon, and family parties are always pleasant! Come down when you hear the bell ring over my door!"

She glided up the stairs as a thundering knock resounded through the house. Howe entered the drawing-room; Clifford and Regina, pale and agitated, stood together near the window. There was a moment of suspense that seemed almost an age; then the door opened, and the Earl, worn and haggard, and anxious-looking, rushed in and stood before them!

For a moment, not a word was uttered by one of the party. The Earl, glancing at the pale faces that confronted him, knew that something must have happened. It was possible that Alice might have been there, since Roberts had been instructed to drive to her house for him. Afraid to ask any questions on this subject—lest he should betray more than they already knew—he contented himself by advancing eagerly towards Regina, and inqui-

ring if she was ill. She shrank back, and motioned him away.

"Yes, my lord, I am ill—too ill to bear insult and treachery any longer!"

"Insult! treachery! What do you mean, Regina?"

"Can you ask?"

He looked around, and seeing Howe, who leaned composedly against the mantelpiece, turned pale.

"Ah!" he said. "Has that fellow been talking to you?"

"Yes! my lord!" said Howe, before any one else could speak. "I have been giving her ladyship a slight sketch of your history, from the time I first had the pleasure of knowing you, up to the present day!"

"You villain!"

"Don't call names, my lord. Unless I am much mistaken, her ladyship would say the term suited you far better than me!"

"Regina," cried Charlemount, turning to her in desperation, "what has he been saying?"

"He has told you!"

"And do you believe him?"

"Yes!"

"Without hearing me—without giving me time to say one word in my own defence? You allow a servant to slander me when I am absent, and give credit to any story he may think fit to coin! Is it just?"

Regina looked at him steadily.

"My lord, three hours ago I had faith in you—now I have not an atom!"

"Good heavens! I would not be so cruel to you for the world!"

"You have been far more cruel to me, all these years, though I was ignorant of it till now. Oh, Charlemount! what could make you, whom I thought the very soul of honor, stoop to such mean and heartless treachery as this?"

In spite of all, the man was true at heart. Even at that last hour, he might have denied much, and she might possibly have believed him. But he drew a long breath, like one who shakes a heavy load from his shoulders, and coming nearer to her, cried out, "I acknowledge it all, Regina! I have been a wretch—a villain! I know it—but it was because I loved you so!"

"A strange way you have taken to show that love!" she said, passionately. "I pass over the fact of your separating us,"—and she waved her hands towards Clifford; "for there, at least, you have done no mischief. But, oh! the girl that I loved with my whole heart, and that loved me, till you came once more between us—how could you, how could you be so cruel to her! She lived in torments, while I was happy with you abroad! She died with your name and mine upon her lips! From first to last it was your work! But for you she would have been beside me to-day; and through you, she lies in the grave, and all that remains to me of her friendship—is this!"

A shiver ran over him, as she held out the tress of hair.

"Ruth is in heaven!" he said, in a low voice. "Why do you torment me so?"

"If she is in heaven, it is through no good deed of yours! You did your best to keep her from that happy place!"

Charlemount stamped his foot impatiently.

"Enough of this! Let me hear of what I have been accused?"

"I have heard of your early life—of Alice—of many others—and of Ruth!" said Regina, succinctly.

"This man told you?"

"He did!"

"And what could he say of Alice? She was a pretty little creature, it is true, but by no means as immaculate as he supposes; and—"

"My lord!" cried Howe, springing forward with flashing eyes,—"if you dare to say one word against the girl you ruined, I will kill you!"

Charlemount surveyed him calmly, without stirring from the spot where he stood.

"I am not afraid of you—but you are a brave fellow, and I like you for standing up for Alice, after all. Let her go! I will say nothing more of her! But do you tell me how all this has come about! I might have expected treachery elsewhere, and been on my guard; but you, who have eaten my bread, and drunk of my cup for so many years—how came you to betray me?"

"For nearly twenty years I have watched and waited for this day!" said Howe, in a triumphant voice.

"Nearly twenty years!" The Earl started. "Why, twenty years ago, we were at Erlinford—boys together!"

"Yes, my lord."

"And Alice—" His brow grew dark. "Man, have you been planning this betrayal ever since you went abroad with me?"

Howe smiled, but did not answer.

"He said that he forgave me!" muttered the Earl, with a bewildered look. "And I believed him—I trusted him—and now he has turned traitor!"

"Is it so wonderful?" asked Howe, with a sneer. "You have betrayed those who never wronged you! I only fought against my enemy!"

The Earl's head drooped upon his breast. He felt that the man's reproach was true, and he dared not look at Regina, who stood haughtily aloof, without appearing to notice anything that was going on.

"And where is Alice now?" he asked, at last, in a subdued tone.

"You will see her soon! She is under this very roof!"

"Here?"

"Yes. The letter was but a feint to secure your absence. She has been here all the evening! Her ladyship has been talking to her!"

The Earl looked at him darkly.

"And the boy?"

"George Erlinford is here also!"

"How dare he call himself by that name?"

"His mother has a peculiar love for it, my lord," said Howe, with a sneer.

"What more is there to come?" asked the Earl, sternly.

"Something exceedingly pleasant, my lord! I have kept it as a *bonne bouche* to the last!"

"Listen, sir!" said Charlemount, grasping him by his collar. "I have borne with you all this time, but I warn you not to trifle too far with a desperate man! Say what you like, produce what witnesses you like, but play the game out quickly, if you have any regard for yourself, and remember to treat me with respect while I am your master. Do you hear?"

"It will not be for long," muttered Howe.

"If it is for five minutes only, I will be obeyed!" thundered the Earl. "Now leave this room, and when you enter it again, do so as a servant, and not as the equal of those you find here, or I will throw you out of the window as soon as you cross the threshold!"

Howe retreated without a word.

Regina took no notice of the slight affray, but Clifford came up to the Earl, and held out his hand.

"My lord, it has been very painful for me to remain through all these disclosures. I did so by the special request of Howe, who professes to have something to say which nearly concerns me."

"He has made me out a fine fellow, no doubt," said Charlemount, looking towards Regina. "I wonder you have the courage to speak to me—or the will—after all that you have heard."

"I have forgiven and forgotten my own share of the pain long ago, Charlemount; and when I think of the stake for which you played, I can find it in my heart to excuse you for the desperate game!"

"Thank you—thank you! It is something to hear one kind word when a man is cornered up as I am. Upon my word, my sins seem to find me out! There comes my son and heir, I suppose; and who on earth besides?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GENTLENESS.—True gentleness is not that passive tameness which submits without a struggle to every encroachment of the violent and assuming; nor that unlimited complaisance which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others. It stands opposed, not to the most determined regard for virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekness restrains our angry passions; candor, our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behavior.

STRENGTH OF ICE.—Recent experiments in Germany show that when the thickness of the ice is an inch and a half, it will just bear the weight of a single man, when about three inches and a half, it will bear detachments of infantry, with their ranks rather wide apart; with a thickness of four and four tenths, eight-pounders can be conveyed over it on sledges; five and two-tenths inches will bear twelve-pounders; eight inches will bear twenty-five pounders; and a thickness of twelve inches will bear almost any weight.

☞ A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—That odious *Herald*, in giving an account recently, of a disturbance in the Third Presbyterian Church of Jersey, headed the paragraph thus:—

"ALLEGED ROWDYISM AMONGST CHURCH MEMBERS—"

The mild *World* itemizes the occurrence under this caption:—

"PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN CHURCH MEMBERS—"

"Comment is superfluous," as the country editor says.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The Sunderland Rifle Corps marched to Ryhope the other evening, accompanied, as is always the case on similar occasions, by numbers of young ladies. One of the gallant corps attempted to, and, in fact, succeeded in putting his arm round the taper waist of one of the young ladies, but was instantly called to order by Corporal E——; "Private S——," he said, "Government didn't provide you with *arms*, for that purpose." The young lady being left to herself "marched easy."—*English Paper.*

☞ Halloh, driver, your wheel is going round," sang out a little urchin, to a cart-driver, who was driving furiously through the street the other day. Carty pulled up and looked anxiously first on one side, and then on the other. "You needn't look, now, it is stopped?" coolly added the provoking little rascal.

☞ Mr. Mayer of Liverpool has a papyrus brought from Thebes, which contains the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, in Greek uncial character, which sets at rest that part of the 24th verse, relating to the passage of a camel through the eye of a needle, which arose from the wrong reading of the Greek text. The manuscript is believed to be older than any other Christian document known to exist.

☞ "Mass Tom! Mass Tom! Oh, Mass Tom, howse I gwine to get down dis ladder?" "Come down the same way you went up, you blockhead!" replied the master, running up to see what was the matter. "De same way as I come up, Mass Tom?" "Yes, confound you! and don't bother me any more." "Well, if I must, I must!" And down came the little darkey head foremost. It happened to be the safest way he could have come.

☞ COLORING A MEERSCHAUM.—A fast young man of our acquaintance purchased a meerschaum the other day, and not feeling inclined to kill himself by "coloring" it in the usual way, boiled it in tobacco juice. He succeeded in raising a good color, and talks of taking out a patent for the invention.

☞ A little fellow four years old, the other day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man is a Mister, ain't a woman a Mistery?"

☞ Theory may be all very well, but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PUNISHMENTS IN SYRIA—IMPORTANT FROM ITALY—UNEASY POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

The Melita, at Halifax, on the 14th, brings advices to the 4th.

Sardinia is about to interfere at Naples. It reported that Gen. La Marmora is about to leave for Naples with 30,000 troops to prevent the threatened anarchy.

All the disposable vessels of the Sardinian Navy are to be sent to Napies.

Vigorous military preparations are being made at Piedmont, the Sardinian Government hiring every available transport. If it is impossible to convey them with sufficient rapidity, the Pope will be requested to allow of their passage through his dominions.

An insurrection had broken out in the province of Terra Dilavoro, and the insurgents were marching on Camp Basso.

It is reported that the resignation of the Neapolitan Ministry will not be accepted.

The Government of Naples will pay France the sum of three million of francs as an indemnification for the losses sustained by French citizens in the bombardment of Palermo.

The prohibition placed upon the departure of volunteers from Sardinia is said to have been removed.

It is rumored that the Cabinets at Turin have agreed to prevent the invasion of the States of the Church.

The French garrison at Rome is to be increased by a force of 3,500 troops.

Ancona has been declared in a state of siege, and the Papal delegate recalled.

The King remains at Naples.

Garibaldi's whole army has reached the main land. Garibaldi has quitted Calabria, but his destination is unknown. He has entered Monteleone.

The Emperor and Empress of France continued their tour in Savoy.

It is reported that the remarks in Queen Victoria's speech relative to the Savoy question, produced a bad impression in Paris.

A permanent French camp was to be established close to the Swiss and Germanic frontiers.

The Paris Bourse was firmer. Rentes 68f.a 15c.

The Arctic steamer Fox had made a satisfactory survey of the Faroe Islands, for the proposed line of telegraph, and proceeded to Iceland.

The strike among the ribbon weavers of Coventry has ended, the operatives withdrawing their demand.

The rumors of an interview between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Prince Regent of Prussia, gain more credit.

The Prince Regent of Prussia will visit Warsaw on the invitation of the Emperor of Russia about the middle of September.

The report is also revived that Napoleon wishes to meet the Queen of Spain at Barcelona on his return from Algiers.

Fuad Pasha is acting vigorously in Syria.—Seventy persons connected with the recent massacres have been hung, and one hundred and ten soldiers shot.

Four thousand five hundred French troops have landed at Beyrout, where there were threatening demonstrations between the Christians and Moslems.

The first street railway in England, upon the American principle, was formally inaugurated at Birkenhead, on the 30th August, and the general impression was highly favorable. Mr. George F. Train, the projector of the enterprise, gave a grand banquet at Birkenhead in honor of the event, and delivered a characteristic go-ahead speech. Mr. Train's efforts to introduce the system in London, Dublin, Manchester, and elsewhere, were meeting with every success.

It is said that Parini bears an autograph letter *from* King Victor Emmanuel, stating that the latter would no longer resist public opinion in Italy, and he must either lead or be swept away.

Cholera was prevailing to a serious extent in Spain. At Malaga, 600 persons were attacked in one day, and 50 of them died.

A despatch from Perugia (Italy) states that Gen. Lamoriciere had directed his troops to plunder any town having symptoms of insurrection. Doubtful.

SYRIA.—Official advices from Damascus, of August 25th, announce the capital execution of one hundred and sixty-seven persons, implicated in the recent massacres. These executions struck terror into the inhabitants, and the city remained tranquil. One hundred and ten of the malefactors belonged to the local police, and they were shot in public. The others, including members of the first families in the country, were hanged, while many more were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor at Constantinople. The Ex-Governor and other officials were undergoing trial. The Sultan's army was acting with the most rigorous discipline. Perfect tranquillity now exists throughout Syria.

Constantinople letters continue to express fears of a general rising against the Christians when the French troops landed.

Sickening details relative to the late massacres continue to come to hand.

At Hasbeya, out of 3,200 Christians, only 1,400 were found remaining, nearly all women and children. The corpses remained unburied. The Serai was full of them, and in the upper rooms they were piled in heaps five to six feet high.

General Beaufort, the commander of the French forces, on a proclamation, had prohibited the Maronites from renewing the conflict.

CHINA.—The British forces in China are ready for an attack on the enemy, but their French allies had protested against their commencing hostilities, the latter having lost all their harness by shipwreck.

On the 26th of June, however, Lord Elgin induced Baron Gros to withdraw the protest, and the attack was to commence immediately.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Morning Herald says that the Queen's speech has produced a bad impression. The passage about Savoy, and the contemptuous silence about the French treaty, are looked upon as the knell of the Anglo-French alliance.

The French papers contain further so-called pacific declarations.

The Council-General of the Bas Rhin, Marshal Magnan said he had it from the Emperor's own mouth that peace would be maintained.

At Toulouse Marshal Niel said that it is in the friendship, and not in the impotence of France, that the guarantees of peace must now be sought.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that distrust of France is at this moment greater than it has been at any moment since the battle of Waterloo.

NAPLES.—The Herald's Paris correspondent says, that the Count of Syracuse, uncle to the King of Naples, has written a letter to his nephew, recommending him to avoid a useless effusion of blood, and to follow the example of the Duchess of Parma.

AUSTRIA.—Trieste, Aug. 31.—The Austrian government, foreseeing an attack on Venetia, is most actively carrying on the works for the completion of the branch line to connect the Venetian railways with those of Germany. On the 5th of September the line from Nabresina to Udine will be inaugurated. This railway will enable Austria to transport a considerable force to Venetia in a few days.

The existence of a revolutionary committee has been discovered at Verona and the members have been arrested. The papers that were seized on their persons are said to make a startling expose of the proceedings of a neighboring power.

HUNGARY.—The Austrian Ministry will propose to the Emperor to send autograph letters to be read on the assembling of the Reichsrath, stating the sincerity of his intentions to give satisfaction to the legitimate wishes of the people. It is hoped such a letter would prevent political debates in the Reichsrath, and allow government to tranquilly close the session with the increased confidence of the country.

RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says: The denial put forward by some of the Paris semi-official papers of the compact said to have been entered into by Austria and Prussia is met by renewed assertions of the reality of that agreement, and by increased credit given to it by the public. I have excellent reasons for believing that some of the very persons, who, in the discharge of that duty, flatly contradict the Nord, and cast doubt upon the statements of an important German paper, which, in its turn, gives details of the mutual declarations made at Toplitz by the two great German sovereigns, are themselves perfectly aware and well persuaded of the truth of what they deny. It is quite possible that Austria and Prussia themselves may not be anxious that the full extent of the understanding they have come to should be bruited abroad, since it indicates a strong feeling of mistrust of a power with which they are at present at peace.

But such important agreements between the sovereigns of two great countries are very difficult to keep secret. Taken in conjunction with the revelations of the Belgian and German press, the movements of ambassadors excite attention and strengthen belief. Prince Metternich, who on Friday had a long interview with M. Thouvenel, is about to start for Vienna. The French Minister to the Austrian capital is in Paris, and M. de la Tour d'Auvergne has left Berlin to come here. Although this is a season of the year when ambassadors are wont to quit their posts and take their pleasure, the above changes of plans are considered significant; and I think I am justified in saying that, in political circles here, there is no doubt of an agreement—whether it be called protocol, or declaration, or compact, matters very little—having been entered into by the two great German powers, whereby they guarantee to each other their present possessions, in case of aggression on either power by France.

It is said to form one of the articles of the agreement that if either of the two Powers should deem it expedient to assume the aggressive and make war upon France, it shall then be at the option of the other Power to take up arms or not. I am further assured that all the German Sovereigns, including the Grand Duke of Baden, are parties to the same agreement, while some of them (Bavaria and Saxony are cited) have special agreements with Austria of a still more binding nature. Such are the main points of the information that reaches me. They substantially agree with what has been put forward in other quarters.

THE LATEST.

LIVERPOOL, Sep. 5th.—The confusion in the affairs of Naples is increasing.

The "Annexationist Committee" received a despatch from Garabaldi, on the 3rd, stating that he would be in Naples on or about the 8th inst., and would assume the Dictatorship of the Two Sicilies, in the name of King Victor Emmanuel.

Count de Persigny has made another speech, implying that Napoleon has done nothing more than to maintain the Pope's throne, and would not help Gen. Lamoriciere to keep the Roman States.

It is reported that the Druses have defeated a detachment of the French troops in Lebanon.

Piedmont has made a considerable reduction in the duties on yarns, tissues, etc., of cotton hemp.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday, Sep. 4.—Cotton—The market closes quiet but firm.

STATE OF TRADE.—The markets at Manchester are firm, and prices have an advancing tendency.

BREADSTUFFS.—The Liverpool Breadstuffs market has a declining tendency, under the effects of the favorable weather.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report that Flour has suffered a decline of fully 1s., quoting at 30s.@32s. 6d.

The decline on Wheat is 3@4d.; red is quoted at 11s.@12s. 3d.; and white at 12s.@13s. 6d. Corn is 6d. lower; mixed and yellow 34s.

Provisions.—The Provisions market continues dull. The various authorities report Beef heavy. Pork firm but quiet. Bacon quiet at easier prices, but the quotations are unchanged. Lard is steady at 61s.@64s.

Produce.—Rosin buoyant, and common has again advanced; sales at 4s. 10d. Spirits of Turpentine firm at 31s. 6d.@32s. Sugar steady. Coffee quiet. Rice quiet. Ashes—Pots quiet at 28s. 6d.; Pearls quiet at 28s. 6d.@29s.

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring Brothers report a decline of 2d@3d. on Wheat. Sugar firm and 6d. higher. Rice quiet; prices firm. Tea firm. Tallow quiet at 52s.@51s. 9d.

AMERICAN STOCKS.—Messrs. Bell & Co. report the following sales:—

Illinois Central	13¼@12¼ ₱ cent dis.
Erie R. R. Stock	29¼
N. Y. Central	80 Ex. div.
N. Y. Central Sixes	88¼
Penna. Central 6's, 1st mtg.	91

☞ An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

☞ Don't *rivet* a blacksmith's attention by *ironically heating* his *temper* with the assertion that he will *forge* and *steel*, for fear you get *hammered* and *rolled out.*

☞ A MALIGNANT MAN.—A hater of Ethiopian melodies is desirous of hearing the Lay of the *Last* Minstrel.

☞ THE WORLD.—It is lost labor to consult the taste of the world. They will never approve of our conduct, unless we approve of theirs.—*Quesnel.*

☞ A correspondent of the Tribune, who professes to have the best opportunities of knowing what Mr. William B. Astor is actually worth, states that his property cannot fall a dollar short of $40,000,000, and that its annual increase is about $3,000,000. This is considered quite a large property in New York.

☞ The President of a Debating Society out West lately decided that the "milk of human kindness" literally meant milk punch, with a little nutmeg in it.

☞ An editor out West prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, elopements and robberies on India-rubber paper, so that his readers will be able to stretch these stories to any length that pleases them.

☞ RATHER HEAVY TO CARRY.—A noble lady, resident in the west of Scotland, happened to be passing a ferry near her house, when the boat arrived from the opposite shore, and she thus addressed the ferryman: "John, is there anything for the castle?" "Deed there is, my lady," answered John, "but I'm thinking your ladyship'll find them rather heavy to carry up." And so saying, he coolly handed to the astonished peeress a pair of horse-pails!

☞ T. Starr King says there are no trees in San Francisco, and for several miles out there are only shrubs; but finally plenty of fine oaks, but no elms. There is no underbrush as in our forest regions. The uncultivated woodland districts look as though they had been cleared up at great expense, and with no little taste.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MAINE.—The Republicans carried their State ticket by a majority of probably 15,000—and also the full Congressional ticket of six members.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Douglas State Committee have announced a pure Douglas electoral ticket. It contains the names of the twelve Douglas men on the Reading ticket, and fourteen others.

NEW YORK.—There probably will be no fusion effected between the Breckinridge and Douglas parties—though from six to ten names may be left off the Douglas ticket, and the names of such national men from the south-eastern portion of the State as shall be acceptable to the merchants of New York, placed upon it.

The Douglas party had a barbacue near New York on the 12th, which was attended by a very large number of people. Mr. Douglas spoke on the occasion. In the course of his remarks Mr. Douglas said that he was in favor of a cordial union with every Union man—every man who was true to the Constitution—every man who was in favor of enforcing the laws in all contingencies. If Major Breckinridge was in favor of enforcing the laws against secessionists, disunionists, and abolitionists in all contingencies, then he (the speaker) was with him.

CONNECTICUT.—The Breckinridge State Convention have nominated an electoral ticket. They are instructed to vote for Breckinridge if they can elect him, but if not, to vote for any national man, to defeat Lincoln.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The regular Democratic Convention at Springfield, was abandoned to the Douglas men by the other wing. Erastus D. Beach, of Springfield, was nominated for Governor by acclamation, with a full State ticket. Isaac Davis, of Worcester, and Chas. Heebner, of Lee, were chosen electors at large. Strong Douglas resolutions were adopted, and the feeling prevalent was decidedly against fusion.

OREGON.—The Democratic State Convention of Oregon had met and divided nearly equally into Douglas and Breckinridge wings. The former party called a State Convention to meet on the 19th of September, and a Breckinridge Convention will be held on the 18th. The contest for U. S. Senator in the Legislature will be hotly contested—the Breckinridge, Douglas and Republican parties each having their favorite candidate.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democratic State Convention passed strong Douglas resolutions, and nominated an Electoral Ticket favorable to him.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

The following account of a mysterious flower, said to have been taken from the bosom of an Egyptian beauty, embalmed many centuries ago, is suggestive of delicate fancies and spiritual analogies. Who can tell what beautiful affections and divine gifts may have slumbered in that blasted bosom—checked in their earthly development by cold and uncongenial circumstances—which now expand and bloom by the still waters of the Rivers of Life, with such celestial beauty as can only be imperfectly symbolized by the still sensitive corolla of the Resurrection Flower:—

"Dr. Deck, of this city, has in his possession an extraordinary floral production, while on a visit to Egypt inspecting some lead and copper mines upon the Upper Nile. An Arab was taken ill, and the Doctor rendered him medical aid, and when the Arab recovered he gave the Doctor this extraordinary plant; and the history furnished of it was, that it was taken from the bosom of an embalmed Egyptian Princess, found in one of the vaults containing the remains of Coptic royalty. It is to all appearance a dry, dead substance, resembling the flattened head of a poppy, or the cup of an acorn, with a short, woody stem; but upon placing the stem in water, the corolla begins to expand like a sunflower or dahlia, and in the course of fifteen minutes it will not only unfold, but it will turn its entire leaves backward until they hang downward in a fringe like the passion flower, leaving an exquisite purple heart exposed, and forming a blossom of symmetrical beauty. Since it has been in Dr. Deck's possession, it has blossomed some eight or nine hundred times.

"Two other specimens of this rare flower are known to exist—one was owned by the celebrated Baron Humboldt, and the other by a distinguished European *savan*. Dr. Deck's rational theory is, that it is a seminal vessel, and may drift about, with its seed carefully folded up, for ages in the desert (as it never rains in Egypt,) and only when it reaches the moisture of an oasis, vegetates and blooms."—*Banner of Light.*

Not only specimens, neighbors of the *Banner of Light.* We can illumine you a little, and tell you that the *California Farmer's* collection has two specimens of the Resurrection Flower, and therefore we are as rich as the Baron Humboldt and the distinguished European *savan*, and California will always have her share of rare and beautiful plants from all parts of the world.—*California Farmer.*

ONE OF THE WOMEN.—Near the mouth of Grand River, on the banks of Lake Michigan, there lives a farmer who, about six years ago, left his family in quite moderate circumstances and went with the throng to California to see if he could not better his condition. As he earned money, he sent home small sums from time to time, that his family might be comfortably provided for. The wife, a good woman no doubt, labored on industriously, keeping her family together and nearly supporting them by her labor, took the money sent from California and from year to year invested it in peach trees, which she had planted on the farm until an orchard of several acres was the result of her economy and foresight. This orchard she kept in good condition, increasing its size as she received means from her husband, at the same time, woman-like, not letting him know but that the money was all used as fast as it was received to meet the family wants. Last season the husband came back, but without his pile, as most Californians return. He came at the close of the peach season, and learned the good news that his faithful spouse had cleared over $6,000 from her peach crop that season.—*Ann Arbor News.*

THE ART OF DINING AT A HOTEL.—The art of dining at a hotel is thus told by a correspondent: If you have a taste for delicacies and diplomacy, you can slip a quarter into your hand, and then fumble for a moment with the back part of your coat collar—the quarter some way disappears, and John will expedite things for you in a most mysterious manner. But a still better plan is to place your quarter on the table, under an inverted wine glass. The glass plays the part of a convex lens; the quarter assumes gigantic dimensions, and John takes it to be a half-dollar.—The exertions that he makes to secure it are really surprising. You get well along with your fish before your neighbor's soup plate is removed, and the dessert chases up chicken with amazing rapidity. Then, at the close of the repast, if you are an artist, and wish to catch the expression of deep disappointment, just remove the glass, return the quarter to your pocket, and walk off unconcernedly.—John has had his reward; he has enjoyed the pleasures of anticipation, and there is good reason to believe that they far exceed those of reality. But never occupy the same seat again.

☞ Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market-place. "I'll bet you a guinea," said one, "you don't know what this is for." "Done," said the other, "it is for sale." The bet was won, and the wager paid.

GARIBALDIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

FROM THE PARIS CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. O. PICAYUNE.

I dare say you have heard a great many allusions to Garibaldi's marriage, and have been rather puzzled to form an opinion whether he was or was not married, the whole matter being shrouded in mystery. I think I can tell you the whole story. He was engaged to marry Miss Josephine Raymondi, a "daughter" (so everybody said) of the Marquis Raymondi, a wealthy Milan landed proprietor. The Marquis Raymondi lives with Rouconi's wife's sister, and Miss Josephine Raymondi is the eldest of the five children (all daughters) that have issued from this union. She is a tall brunette, with brilliant eyes, regular, but prominent features, and a rather flat face. She is two and-twenty years old. Last summer when the Italian campaign was at its height, the Marquis Raymondi and his family were residing at his summer residence, Fino Castle, which is some fifteen or eighteen miles from Milan, and is situated on the western bank of Lake Como. Garibaldi and his band were at Varese. He had entered Como a few days before, and made the acquaintance of the Marquis of Raymondi and his family. The Austrians had marched forward, cut off all communication between Como and Varese, intending to concentrate their forces by different roads on Varese in large numbers, so as to surround and crush Garibaldi and his followers. The Podestat (Mayor) of Como was anxious to communicate this intelligence to Garibaldi, and made a proclamation to his fellow citizens, calling upon one brave Italian to volunteer and risk his life for Garibaldi's safety. Nobody offered.

When Miss Josephine Raymondi heard of this, she became indignant at the cowardice of men, and offered herself as a volunteer, saying to the Podestat: "Give me the despatch. I will go to Garibaldi, and will bring back his reply." The Podestat hesitated to accept from a young girl of one-and-twenty (who by reason of her sex ran much greater risks than a man would be exposed to,) services deemed by men too hazardous to be encountered. But Miss Josephine Raymondi insisted so strenuously that the despatches should be given her that the Podestat yielded; besides, whom else had he to send, and the danger pressed? She got on her horse, and in an instant disappeared in the mountain's defiles. She knew every path that lay between Como and Parese, for from her youth she had trod them all on foot or on horseback. She escaped the Austrians, and at sunrise was at Garibaldi's camp. She delivered the dispatch into his hands. She returned home as safely as she had gone to her destination. Being forewarned, Garibaldi was forearmed; he forced Borgho Vico defile, and drove back the Austrians beyond Lake Como. After the peace was made at Villa Franca, Garibaldi paid the Marquis Raymondi a visit at Fino Castle, for the fair warrior of Como had made a deep impression on him. He asked her in marriage of her father. The Marquis was delighted at the proposition, and instantly gave his consent, and the marriage was announced everywhere in the neighborhood, and was soon heard of throughout Europe.

When the Marquis told Josephine that he had given her hand to the Liberator of Italy, she appeared stupefied, rather than delighted. She could not refuse to wed Garibaldi, for every Italian regards him as something more than a demi-god—besides, what pretext could she give? Her family took her stupefaction for the emotion natural to her sex at this supreme hour of woman's life, and they hastened the preparations for the marriage. The whole Raymondi family were soon collected at Fino Castle. Garibaldi came with all his friends and a second marriage was soon negotiated between Garibaldi's son and a younger sister (said to be a beauty) of Josephine Raymondi. All at once, and the day before the time appointed for the marriage, Miss Josephine fell sick. It was hoped she would be better the next day; on the contrary, she became worse; two—three—four—five days came and went; Miss Josephine became worse. The physician said it was nothing serious, and at last the father of the bride determined to make her dress, and have her carried to the altar; the marriage was to be celebrated in the chapel in his castle. It became necessary to take some measures of this sort, for all the newspapers in Europe were making inquiries on the subject, and several persons from remote cities had quitted their ordinary avocations to act as Garibaldi's groomsmen, (among them Mons. Alexander Dumas) and they could not be expected to wait there indefinitely, dancing attendance upon a woman's vapors.

The marriage ceremony took place in Fino Castle Chapel, but after the ceremony the bride declared she felt worse than ever, and begged her friends to excuse her from taking any share in the festivities prepared in honor of the occasion, and took to bed. The wedding party was, under these circumstances, gloomy, as of course, and soon broke up, leaving Garibaldi alone with his new family. He could not enter his nuptial chamber, his wife's illness forbid that. He slept in an adjoining room. The mails next morning brought him a letter—an anonymous letter—sent, so it is stated, by one of his friends. It acquainted him that Miss Josephine Raymondi, or rather Mrs. Josephine Garibaldi (for such she was now) had long honored her cousin, Count ——, with her favors. The most irrefutable evidence was given, and the names of witnesses cited. Garibaldi gave the letter to the Marquis Raymondi, who hastened to the bride's room and gave her the fatal paper. There was no denying the charge made. A distressing scene took place between father and child. Garibaldi quietly quitted the house, and went to his retreat in the Island of Caprera. Josephine quitted her father's house next day, and fled with her seducer to Switzerland, where they now are. Who sent the anonymous letter? It could not have been a friend, for a *friend* would have sent it before, not after marriage. It is said it was sent by some Italian devoted to Austria, or some adherent of Mazzini, to fever Garibaldi with military frenzy, and keep him from the quiet of a home and wife.

ONE OF ORSINI'S ASSOCIATES.—A few days ago, Count Rudio (so well known as being associated with Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French), gave a lecture at the Assembly Rooms, Nottingham. The count gave a detailed history of the conspiracy in which he had been engaged, and the manner in which he was apprehended. He had attempted tyrannicide for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and the punishment of a great crime. As his hearers well know, the attempt was defeated, and his brave friend, Orsini, perished on the scaffold. The modern hero spared him (the speaker), as a cat spared a mouse—only to torture it. No tongue could describe the sufferings he underwent, and how he survived he could not tell. The lecturer concluded by giving a narration of his escape from the penal settlement to which he had been condemned, and his journey to England.

GYMNASTIC TOURNAMENT.—A circular has been issued from Chicago, announcing that a Grand American Gymnastic Tournament will be held in that city during the week commencing Jan. 7, 1861, and inviting all gymnasts in the United States and Canada to be present on the occasion. One thousand dollars in gold will be distributed in prizes, as follows: Two hundred dollars to the best general gymnast; two hundred dollars to the strongest man; two hundred dollars to the best combination of three or more men in grouping, posturing, &c.; one hundred dollars to the fastest runner of one mile on the circular track, and fifty dollars each to the best performers, respectively, on the horizontal bars, on the suspended rings, on the parallel, on the trapeze, and slack rope, with the gloves, and with foils.

NEWS ITEMS.

HOW IT WORKS.—A party of men repaired to Norton's Grove, Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, to witness a prize fight between two youths, 17 years of age, for *four dollars a side*. It lasted for an hour and eight minutes, at the end of which time one of the lads had to be carried from the field.

THE Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was recently robbed of jewels, &c., to the amount of $160,000.

A SUNDAY or two since, at Grace Church, N. Y., says the Home Journal, a young gentleman put his hat under the seat, and shortly afterwards two prepossessing young ladies sat next him. At the conclusion of the service the ladies left the church first, and the gentleman stooped in search of his hat, and, to his surprise, found it gone. He called the sexton, and applied to that worthy functionary for advice. Mr. Brown suggested that it might have been caught in the ladies' crinoline; and entangled in the crinoline sure enough it was. After bobbing against one of the young ladies' ankles for a distance of about twenty yards, the hat dropped out, much to the astonishment and surprise of those following.

THE HOG CROP IN INDIANA.—The Vincennes (Indiana) Western Sun says: "The hog crop will be good—much better than for several years, with abundance of corn to feed them."

AN OWL IN THE LAMP.—On Tuesday night of last week, as a train of cars was running through a piece of woods west of Geneva, the head light of the locomotive was suddenly extinguished. The engineer found a hole through the glass which covers the reflector, just large enough to run his arm through.—In the reflector he found an owl, which had gone through the glass, and was still alive within. The bird had made a dash for the light as the engine came along, and had been thus trapped.

"NOTHING TO WEAR."—The executors of a lady, named Desmond, who died at Brompton, England, in May last, sold the extraordinary number of eighteen hundred silk dresses, seven hundred velvet mantles, two hundred bonnets, and upwards of one hundred pair of shoes, with innumerable kerchiefs and scarfs of all colors of the rainbow, which had been purchased by the deceased lady within ten years of her demise.

THE Natchitoches (La.) Chronicle of the 25th, records the following tragedy: "A quarrel arose a few nights ago between two brothers named Longino (William and Burril) residing a few miles above Campte, when a proposition being made by one of them that they should fight it out immediately with double-barrelled shot guns, it was accepted by the other, and firing simultaneously, both of them were instantly killed."

A VERDANT up country genius, while inspecting the Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine, the other day, came across three loaded cannons, which are kept to sound an alarm in case of fire or accident. The percussion cap exciting his curiosity, he pulled the trigger, when bang went the gun, blowing the fellow's vest half off, and scaring him tremendously.

A MAN CONFESSES A MURDER HE DID NOT COMMIT.—At Road, in England, recently, a child named Francis Saville Kent, was murdered, and one Edmund John Gegg gave himself up to the magistrates as the murderer. Before his trial, however, it was discovered that he had not been near the place where the murder was committed, that he did not know the child murdered, and in short, that he was in a distant part of the country. At last he confessed that his previous confession was untrue, and that he had been led to it because "his life was a burden to him." He was, of course, discharged.

IT appears that sailors make the best soldiers with Garibaldi; they are more ready at expedients, happier, better foragers, and have more dash; and sailors from our navy have always been foremost in all Garibaldi's fights. A gray headed old Scotch merchant had made a fortune, and was living on his means in St. ——, but the fever of fighting is catching, and he could not resist its influence. At Melazzo, to use his own words, he "was old fool enough to take his double-barrel and fight with the rest." Old as he was, and unused to fighting, he was among the foremost, and got two wounds for his pains. Garibaldi saw his daring, and after the fight publicly thanked him.

AN INCIDENT IN TORONTO.—The Duke of Newcastle, the Earl St. Germans, and Gov. Head, walked from the Palace, this evening, down to the Orange arch. Just before reaching it they were detected, and the crowd moved towards them. They turned, and the crowd followed, hooting and groaning. A line of policemen followed and kept back the crowd, till the Duke called the sergeant, and said to him, "Go back; I don't need your protection. I never yet saw the crowd from which I could not protect myself." When they reached the Palace gate the crowd gave three groans for each of them, and three cheers for the Prince.

REMARKABLE CASE.—The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot, states that young Keith, who was so terribly maimed some time ago, by the premature discharge of a cannon, at Hyannis, has been enabled by means of artificial hands and forearms, to write, send messages as a telegraph operator, drive a horse and carriage, and perform many other acts requiring muscular agility and skill.

M. ELI DE BEAUMONT, President of the French Academy of Sciences, has informed M. Jobard, director of the Musee Belge, that a commission composed of MM. Chevreul, Flourens, and Velveau, has been charged to examine his memoir on catalepsy, paralysis, and lethargy. M. Jobard demonstrates in his memoir the possibility of suspending life for an unlimited period, of restoring the drowned to life even after an immersion of two days, and those frozen after ten years. He proposes to replace the punishment of death by artificial cataleptifiation.

WE see it stated as an instance of the romance which is said to exist in real life, that the son and heir of Lord Lovelace, the grandson to whom will ultimately go the bulk of the late Lady Byron's large landed property, and who now becomes Baron Wentworth by her death, is, and has, for a considerable time past, been working at weekly wages as an artisan in the smiths' department of Woolwich Arsenal. For the son of an Earl, and the heir to a barony by writ, this is a unique case. Lord Lovelace's daughter, to whom passes the bulk of Lady Byron's large personal property, is an inheritor of much of the rare ability of her mother, Ada, the only daughter of Lord Byron.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince and his suite reached Clifton House, Niagara Falls, on the 14th. He received the address of the authorities and was escorted to the Falls by a grand torchlight procession.

The falls were illuminated with Bengal and blue lights, and the view was magnificent. The Duke of Newcastle is sick.

THE St. Louis (Mo.) Express says, that H. A. Marsh, formerly of that city, has been sentenced to be hung at Camden, Arkansas, *for circulating the New York Tribune*, which, in that region, is considered an incendiary publication. The citizens of St. Louis, at the instance of the wife of the sentenced man, have got up a strong petition in his favor.

ALLEGED DEFALCATION OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.—"A dispatch from Washington, D. C.," says the Baltimore (Md.) Sun, states, "that the accounts of Brigham Young, as *ex officio*, superintendent of Indian affairs in Utah, have just undergone a long and searching scrutiny, and that they show he is a defaulter to the Government to a considerable extent. A special agent has accordingly been dispatched to Utah, to undertake the recovery of the money."

INCIDENTS OF THE LADY ELGIN CATASTROPHE.

The lake in every direction was filled with fragments of the wreck, to which some fifty or sixty human beings were clinging when our reporters first arrived. Only a few of these reached shore. The surf ran fearfully in shore, and in almost every instance when the rafts came within a few rods of shore, the heavy rollers would capsize them within sight and hailing distance of those on the shore.

The saving of David Evison and wife, of Milwaukie, created the greatest excitement.—The gallant fellow was seen some distance out, upon the top of the wheel house holding his wife by one arm, and clinging with the other to his frail ark. As he reached the shore, a fearful surf capsized his raft, and its burden was out of sight for several seconds. When they rose, the wife was some distance from the raft. The gallant fellow left it and swam to his wife, seized her and again regained the wheel house. All on shore held their breath, while they approached. At one instant they appeared high in the air, and at the next were buried out of sight beneath the terrible surges. At last the wheel house grounded some distance from the beach, when the man with his wife in his arms, jumped off and commenced wading to the land. He then proceeded only a short distance, when he sank exhausted, but was caught by Mr. Edward Spencer, himself half buried in the surges, and drawn ashore.

Another instance of bravery has been related which took place at Winetka. Among the rafts and pieces of wreck tossing in the surf, one raft was anxiously watched, to which were clinging five persons, among them John Jervis, of Milwaukie, his wife and child. As the raft was drawn in the surf, it was capsized, and all disappeared for a moment beneath the angry waters. When it rose, Jervis alone was clinging to it. He instantly left it, however, and swam for his wife and child, and recovered them. Twice and thrice he repeated this heroic act. Finally, when the shore was almost reached, the raft was for the last time capsized, and when it reached the surface, Jervis alone was clinging to it. Again he left it, and swam for a long time in search of those whom he had so long and so nobly protected, but all in vain, and he was obliged at last to swim to the raft to save his own life.

Those who were saved speak in the highest terms of the conduct of Capt. John Wilson, commander of the ill-fated boat. On board, he was all coolness and bravery, always neglecting himself and caring for the safety of others. He was seen early this morning only a few rods from shore, standing upon a raft surrounded by several other rafts, encouraging and cheering them, and advising them how to proceed. While in this very act of encouraging others, a heavy roller struck him and washed him off the raft in sight of the survivors and crowds on shore.

The life boat, in which were the two mates, came in below Winetka. One of the boats, from the hurricane deck, started with twelve passengers, eight of whom were saved. The boat upset twice. A lady and child who were on this boat were washed away once, and picked up. They were washed off a second time and drowned. Our informant stated that she never spoke after leaving the steamer.

The total number of persons saved from the wreck is seventy-five. The Milwaukie papers publish a list of names of over three hundred persons known to have been on board the Lady Elgin. The greater portion of them belonged to Milwaukie, and the place of residence for any who did not is not given.

THE CISTERNS OF VENICE.—The collection and preservation of water are becoming of national importance. The inhabitants of Venice (120,000), placed in the midst of a salt lake communicating with the sea, derive their supply of water from the atmosphere. The greatest part of the rain is collected in 2,077 cisterns, of which 177 are public, and 1,900 belong to private houses. As these cisterns may serve as models, a detailed account, furnished to M. Grimand by M. Salvadori, the engineer of the municipality of Venice, has been laid before the French Academy of Science, and is printed in their Comptes Rendus. An excavation is made in the earth in the form of a reversed truncated pyramid to the depth of three metres (nearly ten feet), the earth being supported by walls of oak or other strong wood, on which is laid a thoroughly compact layer of clay, great care being taken to exclude air. At the bottom is placed a circular stone, hollowed in the middle; on this is put a hollow cylinder (like an ordinary well) constructed of dried bricks, well adjusted; these at the bottom being pierced with conical holes. The space round the cylinder is filled with well-washed sea sand. At the four corners of the top are put four stone boxes, with stone lids pierced with holes. These boxes rest upon the sand. The rain from the roofs of the houses falls into these boxes, and, after filtering through the sand, enters the hollow cylinder, and then becomes a limpid water, pure to the last drop.

☞ Do not trust to a weak argument because you think you have got a weak adversary; remember, a donkey will eat through his rope, if you only bind him with a hay band, and be all the stronger for it.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	107	—
" " new	105½	106
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	49	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	63	70
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	97	97½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	106	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	99½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1875-8	114	116

BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	120	—
Far & Mec	53½	53
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	79	—
Penn Township	38	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	36½	—
Commerce	—	90
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	85½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	52
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	113	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	68½	69
Western "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	15
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	—	1
N American Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	94½	95

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd "	92	92½
" stock	41½	41¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
" stock	129	130
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	90½	91
" '65	75½	76
" stock	22½	22¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	96
" stock	55	56
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '70	97½	98
Chas Val R R, '75	80½	—
Tioga R R, '73	—	84
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	1½	2½
Catawissa "	4	5
Beaver Meadow stock	64½	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	54	—
North Penn'a R R stock	10½	10¾
6 pr ct loan	73½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	54	55
Har & Lan R R stock	50½	50½
" bonds '85	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	134	135
" bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	66½	67
Michigan Southern	47½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	75	75½
" 6 pr ct	10	—
Stock	9	10
preferred	23½	24
Lehigh Nav stock	55	56½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	42½	43
Morris Consol'd	56½	58
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del	46	—
bonds	77	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	92
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	4

MR. DICKENS is reported to be at work on a new novel, to make its appearance in the usual monthly shilling form, which is found to be the most profitable after all, as it would be difficult to make any serial pay £40,000 profit in twenty months, by running a novel through it. This sum was netted by "Bleak House."

EFFECT OF THE DROUGHT IN THE SOUTH.—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Price Current says:—"A remarkable feature of the trade with the South, is the shipment of cabbages, cucumbers, and tomatoes to Tennessee and Georgia, unmistakable evidence of the nature and consequence of the drought."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been firm but rather quiet during the past week, and about 10,000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, for export, at $6@6,25 for mixed and good straight superfine, the latter being scarce and most inquired for, and $6,37½@6,75 for extra family, including about 5000 bbls of the latter, chiefly fancy Western, and 800 bbls Brandywine, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $7@7,50 ℔ bbl for fancy and premium brands, as in quality; the market generally, however, closed very inactive. Rye Flour is scarce and selling in a small way at $4@4,25 ℔ bbl, which is an advance. Corn Meal is also scarce and in demand at $3,50 ℔ bbl for Pennsylvania meal, at which rate some 200 bbls have been picked up, principally to arrive.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat both for milling and for shipment this week, and the receipts, some 50,000 bus have mostly all been disposed of at from $1,38 to 1,42 for fair to good Western and Pennsylvania reds, chiefly at $1,40 for Ohio; $1,43@1,45 for good and choice Pennsylvania and Delaware do, and from $1,35 to 1,55 for common and choice white as in quality. Rye is better, and all offered sold at 80@85c, which is a further advance; the receipts are very light. Corn is also rather better, and about 20,000 bus have been taken at 73@75c, for fair to good and prime Pennsylvania and Southern yellow; 74@75c for mixed Western, and 72c for white. Oats are unchanged, and about 25,000 bus sold at 35@36c for Southern, and 36@37c for Pennsylvania, as in quality. Barley and Malt are quiet, and we are only advised of some small sales of the latter at 95c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is firm but quiet, and a small business doing; a sale of 400 bbls mess Pork was made at $19½ cash, now generally held at $20 ℔ bbl. No change in Beef, and city packed mess is steady at $12@14. Bacon moves off as wanted, mostly to go South, some 250 casks sold at 12@12½c for Sides, and 10@10½c for Shoulders, cash and time. Hams range at 12@14c for plain and fancy cured. Green Meats are scarce, and we hear of no large sales. Of Lard the sales are mostly confined to bbls and tes, including some 500 of the latter at about 13½c; kegs are offered at 12½@13½c, without finding buyers. Butter is unchanged, packed selling as wanted at 10@12c, and roll at 14c. Cheese is steady at 10@10½c for New York. Eggs are in fair demand at 13½@14c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks are light, and the market without any quotable change, although very quiet, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants, and the week's sales reach about 800 bales in lots, mostly Uplands, at from 7 to 13½c for inferior to middling and middling fair quality, cash and time, including good middling Uplands at 12½c, cash.

BARK—Fine ground Quercitron comes in slowly, and meets with a steady demand at $26½ for 1st No 1; a sale of a better brand was made at $28 ℔ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark, and about the usual business to note.

BEESWAX is quiet, and we quote yellow at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—The scarcity of vessels and high rates of freight now current check business, and the market is inactive for the season.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals this week, and the market has been more active and prices fully ½c better, nearly all in first hands, some 10,000 bags, mostly Rio, having been taken at from 13½ to 14½c, on the usual terms, including 1500 bags, sold by auction, as reported, and Laguayra, in lots, part to go South, at 14½@14¾c, usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, and we have only a small business to note in Yellow Metal at 26c ℔ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are unchanged, and good Western sell slowly at 50@52c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is arriving and selling freely at $1@2½ ℔ bbl for Apples, and $1@3 ℔ bkt. for Peaches. Dried Apples and Peaches are offered more freely, but no large sales have come under our notice, and prices are unsettled.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we have no alterations to note.

HIDES are firmly held, but we are only advised of a small sale of Caracas at about 20c on time.

HOPS are more active, and prices tending upward, with a light stock to operate in, and sales of 59's have been made at 18@20c. A few bales of the new crop have been received and sold at 25@30c ℔ lb.

IRON—There is a moderate inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, and prices are about stationary, with sales of some 5000 tons Anthracite to note at from $19@$21½ for Forge, and $22@22½ for No 1, on time, including 1000 tons Foundry, to go East, on terms kept private. Of Scotch Pig the sales are limited and prices steady. Blooms and Boiler Iron continue inactive. For Bars and Rails there is more inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and buyers and sellers are apart in their views, without any sales to note.

LEATHER—The market generally remains inactive, but good stock is wanted and commands full prices, but for other kinds the demand continues limited.

LUMBER—There is not much arriving, and White Pine Boards moves off at $14@17, and Yellow Sap do at $13@15. Hemlock raft Lumber is selling at $7½@8 ℔ M. Shingles are coming in slowly, and Cedar Shingles are scarce. No change in Laths.

MOLASSES is more active, with sales of some 400 hhds and tes, mostly Cuba Muscovado, part by auction, at 24@27c, and some fine New Orleans at 38@40c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is arriving, and selling rather more freely, and we quote soft at $2,75 ℔ ton.

RICE—The stock is very much reduced, and a small business doing at 4½@5½c ℔ lb, usual terms.

SEEDS—There is no new Cloverseed offering, but about 1000 bush old seed have been taken at $5,50@5,75 ℔ bush, as in quality. Of Timothy there is also less offering, and the market is better; sales and resales to the extent of 1500 bush having been made at from $2,25 to $2,75 from first, and $2,62½@2,87½ ℔ bush from second hands. Of Domestic Flaxseed sales are making at $1,62@1,63 ℔ bush.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign continues moderate, but brandy is firmer and on the advance. N E Rum is selling at 33@35c. Whiskey is scarce and high, Pennsylvania bbls selling at 24@24½c; Ohio do 24½@25c; Drudge 23c, and hhds 24c, in a small way, closing dull at these rates.

SUGAR—The demand within the last few days is more active, and about 1000 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico, have been disposed of at from 6¾ to 7¾c. A sale of Brazil was also made at 6¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is quiet, city rendered is selling as wanted at 10½c, and country at 9½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—The stock is large and the market dull, with a small business only to note at previous rates.

WOOL—The market is not quite so active as last week, but there is a good demand, chiefly to go East, at fully former rates, and about 280,000 lbs have been taken, mostly medium and fine fleece, within the range of 45@60c, net, including some choice clips at 63c, and pulled at 35½c ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 15.—FLOUR is unsettled, and prices have declined 10c. Sales of 9000 bbls at $5,50@5,60 for State, and $5,10@6,20 for Ohio. Wheat unsettled, and 2@3c lower; 90,000 bus sold at $1,42 for white Western, and $1,32@1,33 for red; $1,25@1,26 for Milwaukie Club, and $1,20@1,23 for Chicago Spring. Corn declined 1c; 60,000 bus sold at 66@66½c for mixed. Whiskey heavy; sales at 24c

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1868 head. The prices ranged from $6,00 to 9,25 ℔ 100 lbs. Sales of Sheep were actively made, 6500 head bringing from 7 to 8½c ℔ lb. 925 Hogs brought prices ranging from $7,50 to 8,62 ℔ cwt.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CHRISTOPHER CRAMER, to Miss CLEMENTINE S. TAYLOR, both of Chester county.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. CHARLES PHILLIPS, to Mrs. MARIA WILSON.

At the First Presbyterian Church, Germantown, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. John Hall, D. D., CHARLES B. DUBN, to MARGARET HALL, daughter of Geo. H. Garrett.

In St. Andrew's Church, New Berlin, New York, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. Whittingham, JAMES S. WHITNEY, of Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH F. daughter of Tracy S. Knapp, Esq. of the former place.

On the 2d of August, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. J. HENRY GERCKE, to Miss JULIA ANNA, eldest daughter of Francis H. DuCasse, both of this city.

On Friday evening, the 7th instant, by the Rev. Septimus Jones, RUFUS PHINNEY, to AMELIA ANN, eldest daughter of Richard Tizard, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, EVAN W. THOMAS, in his 26th year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN SMITH, in his 48th year.

On the 9th instant, CHARLES B. son of Charles and Rebecca Robb.

On Sunday evening, the 9th instant, JAS. GOOD, Esq. in his 90th year.

On the 9th instant, after a short illness, CAROLINE, eldest daughter of Jesse Codley, in her 24th year.

August 26, at the residence of her son, Rev. Thos. H. Newton, La Clede county, Missouri, Mrs. SOPHIA NEWTON, consort of the late Isaac Newton.

In this city, on Saturday morning, the 8th instant, PHILIP KELLY.

In Huntington, Pa. on the 3d instant, ELIZABETH L. wife of Wm. Dorris, Jr. in her 42d year.

On the 8th instant, LIZZIE A. daughter of Philip Rice, aged 25 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM G. son of George and Ann Shade, aged 35 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 15, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
DELAWARE	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	
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MAINE.	
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Solv bks ¼ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
OHIO.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
INDIANA.	
State bank 1 to 1½ dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks 2 dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks 1½ dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis	
IOWA.	
State bk 1½ dis	
KANSAS.	
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis	
MINNESOTA.	
Bank St. Paul 5 dis	
CANADA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
FLORIDA.	
State bk 2 dis	

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STARTLING PROPOSITION.

M. Blondin to Bring the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Newcastle, and Others over Niagara Falls on a Tight Rope.

It is said that M. Blondin has addressed the following letter to the Duke of Newcastle, proposing to bring his Royal Highness into America in a wheelbarrow on a tight rope. Not being familiar with the handwriting of M. Blondin, we cannot guarantee its genuineness:

NIAGARA FALLS, U. S. A.
August 22d, 1860.

To His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle:

Dear Sir: It is important that the Prince of Wales's entrance into the United States should produce a sensation worthy of the country and himself.

He will probably arrive among us by the way of Niagara Falls, where the greatest natural phenomenon of this continent has been running over six thousand years in preparation for this event.

In order that the occasion may be fitly improved, I propose to take the heir apparent to the British throne across the Falls in a wheelbarrow, on a tight rope, free of expense.

The progress of the trip shall be diversified by fireworks and various gymnastic feats, such as the occasion and the inclination of the Prince of Wales may suggest.

In this way thousands may see him arrive who would not have an opportunity if he came by railroad, or any ordinary conveyance.

If it would please your grace, I should be very happy to bring you over in the same way, and other members of the Prince's suit, whom he may designate.

If any accident should happen, by which his Highness or any member of his party should be precipitated into the gulf below (of which I assure you there is little or no danger), the money taken from the spectators shall be promptly and conscientiously refunded.

Please submit this proposition to his Highness, and favor me with a reply at your earliest convenience.

I am your grace's most obedient
and most humble servant,
M. BLONDIN.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A COURT ROOM SCENE.

In a recent trial of a liquor case, which occurred not a thousand miles from Worcester county, the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen at the defendant's domicil, which he said he had visited a number of times.

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why, yes, I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself up for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirit it was?"

"*Spirits of Turpentine!*"

The explosion of mirth that followed this answer, fairly shook the court room.

As soon as it subsided, the witness was discharged, the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

THE CENSUS TAKER.

Lady of Uncertain Age—"You want to know my age, sir? It's like your impudence! What has my age to do with you?"

Census Marshal—"Well, ma'am, it's a penalty of thirty dollars if you refuse to answer my question."

Lady—"Here's the money, sir—I'd sooner pay thirty dollars any day, than be insulted!"

Census Marshal—"Excuse me. (Writes)—Age seventeen, form charming, melting eyes, voice of music—"

Lady (much mollified)—"Oh, sir, you are quite a gentleman!—when will you call again?"

Census Marshal—"In about ten years, ma'am. Good-day! Much obliged to you!"

PROOF OF RATIONALITY.—A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message, one cold evening in December, to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived, he was told that his relative was a little better, but that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying, in a faint voice:

"Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative.

"Oh, ah," said he, "yes, yes. He must be a-cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a toddy."

"I guess he ain't crazy," said the visitor to the friends standing round; "he talks very rationally."

A BOY'S JOKE.—As one of the Dover, England, volunteers, was passing along, rifle in hand, he was accosted by a precocious urchin, who called out—

"Who shot the dog?"

This saying our friend appeared by no means to relish; so turning sharply, he said—

"If you are not off, I'll shoot a donkey."

Whereupon the boy, calling out to one of his companions, rejoined—

"I say, Bill, look here—this ere fellow is going to commit suicide."

THE WRONG ROAD.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on my way there for eighteen years."

"Well, good bye, old fellow! If you have been travelling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

MISTAKES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Some ten years since there was a very ludicrous, and at the same time natural blunder, perpetrated upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a despatch requesting parties in New York to "forward sample forks by express." When the message was delivered, it read thus:—"Forward sample for K S, by express."

The parties who received it, replied by asking what samples K S. wanted.

Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the despatch had been transmitted wrong, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the despatch should have read, "Forward sample forks." The New York operator, having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he *did* read it, "Sample for K S.," and so delivered it.

"But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say 'for K S,' but f-o-r-k-s!"

"What a stupid fellow that is in Boston," exclaimed the New York operator in a rage. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S.!"

The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it "forks," but not succeeding, he wrote the despatch upon a slip of paper, and forwarded it by mail; and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterwards.

MADE LIKE OTHER MEN.—The story of a New York paper that the Prince gives only his left hand to ladies in the dance, reminds the Montreal Herald of the ludicrous disappointment of the countryman when the Prince's grand uncle visited Edinburg in 1823:—

First Countryman—"Weel, Jock, hae ye seen the King?"

Second Countryman—"Oh, ay, I hae seen the King, but I wadna gang the length o' the street to see him again—the King's just made like ony ither man, and they tell't me his airms were a lion and a unicorn!"

NEAT WINDOW CURTAINS.

Is there any necessity to have things ugly because they must needs be cheap? Now in the matter of *window curtains* I am sure our country cousins need a hit or two on the subject to bring about an entire change in the domestic economy of their *hangings*.

Must they be calico? then let the pattern be a small stripe of a faint brown or other neutral color; now get two or three yards of a calico with six or eight bright stripes in the breadth; cut out these stripes—don't undertake to tear them—and sew them on to the front edges and ends of the curtains. Take a narrow strip of wood—a lath will answer if it be long enough—and tack one end of the curtain to it, then nail this above the window frame. Now make some bands of the strips, with which to loop up the curtains, and you will produce a much prettier effect than by nailing to your windows a bright calico with a large flowery pattern which every fold distorts.

A very pretty simple cornice may be made for lace or muslin curtains by pasting gilt paper on a lath, then nail the curtain on the back of the wood, and allow it to fall *over* the gilt.

Plain net curtains—even white mosquito-netting would answer—with the edges hemmed over a strip of bright-colored lining muslin about three inches wide, look very tasty. A band of the colored muslin should be covered with netting to go across the top of the window, and to loop up the sides. Then those window-shades—those landscapes with the brown woman under a burnt sienna parasol, coming out of a yellow ochre summer-house o'ershadowed by Indian red foliage, to meet a raw-umber man in a vandyke brown boat on a burnt-umber lake—need we have those! May we not have neat, plain white or buff shades to refresh us? If they will do all this, I will tell them how to make a mosquito net that shall rid the room of flies; having made one and tried it, I will answer for its entire efficacy.

Take that old torn mosquito netting off the frame in the window, and around the outside of said frame drive some tacks about one inch apart; let the spaces between the nails be uniform; then get a spool of very coarse *black* thread, make the end fast to one of the corner tacks, cross the thread to the opposite nail, pass it over two tacks, then back again, and so on until you have taken it across both the short and long way of the frame, then cross it diagonally.

Put this in your window at early morning and towards evening, and the flies will go out through it; should one or two find their way in, they will go out again. *But*—there must be no light behind the frame—no window at the back, nor any white or light material: it *must look black from the outside;* that is the secret of its success.

Do you like to have the flies making free with your features—particularly the nose—in the morning when you want to sleep? I don't mean when it is time to get up, of course; I mean an hour or two before that. I arranged my frame in my bedroom window last night, and oh, how gloriously I slept until the "first bell" did what otherwise the flies would have done! AUNT SUE.

—*American Agriculturist.*

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets: they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then, you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—*Meredith.*

☞ Texas derives its name from an Indian word, signifying "beautiful."

"GENTLE ANNIE."

What's in a name?

THE RATS.

Rat-catchers, who wish to allure the rats from any one place to another, either for the purpose of more conveniently destroying them or the less commendable one of establishing them on the premises of one to whom they bear a grudge, practice rat trailing. A red-herring is tied by the tail to a piece of string, with as little handling as possible. After dark, it is trailed round the places where the enemy is ensconsed, the trailer striking off to the spot to which he wishes to attract the rats, and there leaving the bait. As soon as they catch the scent, off they set, nosing it like hounds, and in all probability will abide where the trail is left. Old rags, or a calf's tail, sprinkled with oil of aniseed, is still more effectual, used in the same way.

Recipes for the extirpation of rats are as plentiful as remedies for the gout or toothache. Dead rats powdered with arsenic laid in their holes; live ones dressed in red, covered with hot pitch, or belled and turned loose; fumigation with salt, oil of vitriol, lupins, or smallage seed; pounded dog's tongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*) placed in their quarters, are all warranted to drive the unwelcome guests away. Phosphorus—when plenty of water is provided for them—is highly recommended as a destroying agent. Arsenical paste, oatmeal, coloquintida and honey; wild cucumber and black hellebore seeds; carbonate of barytes, mixed with dripping, have each their advocates, but the following is especially commended: Three ounces of treacle, one ounce of fine ground nux vomica, well mixed together; then add one pound best white flour, half a pound bread crumbs, cut to size of peas, and six drops of oil of caraways; mix thoroughly, and place near their holes.

Should any of our readers ever be bitten by a rat, no harm will follow if the part be immediately cleansed with yellow soap and warm water; and with this piece of information, which we hope they will never require, we take leave of them and our subject.

MISQUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's Sentimental journey to Italy. Compare Isaiah xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the spirit would go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scripture form is, "A righteous man regarded the life of his beast."—Prov. xii. 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads, "Shall a nation be born at once?"—Prov. lxvi. 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Prov. xxvii. 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii. 2.

"Owe no man anything, but love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."—Rom. xxii. 7.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."—Job v. 7.

"Exalted to Heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's *helpmate*, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalems' long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree.—2 Samuel xviii. 9.

HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make without assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

A NICE QUESTION.—According to Dr. Krapf, in the Galla country, Africa, if a native kills a man he must pay a fine of one thousand oxen; if he kills a woman only fifty! This looks, at first sight, as if the Galla people are far from being a gallant people, and have a very inadequate conception of the value of woman. But, on second thought, it is an evidence of their high appreciation of woman's refined nature—a man being so much more of a beast than she, as one thousand oxen are more than fifty.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

In the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skillful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweettips more hastily than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner; and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bed-room, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in the jackboots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths, and a strong German accent, asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred Majesty, King George II.; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day *until three and thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.*—*Thackeray's "Four Georges."*

Agricultural.

AN ARAB MARE.—The Arab mare cost me nine hundred and fifteen company's rupees, that is, about ninety-two pounds in English money. She was the most expensive horse I ever hunted, and was not purchased for that pursuit. She was the most beautiful mare I have ever seen, of the pure Nejid blood, gray, with flea-bitten spots, eyes too large for her head, nostril thin and expanded, throat of a game cock, the hair of her mane and tail so fine and soft, that the most beautiful woman might have been proud of such a texture, and her skin so thin and soft, that the thorn bushes through which I rode her used to tear it: and after many of my runs through jungle, I have had her, bleeding from the thorns, looking as if she had been practised upon with a light sabre. She was what you would consider in England a pony, fourteen hands one and a half inches high; but she was as broad almost as a dray horse, and her tail was set up so high that, as she moved about her loose box, you could, stooping, walk between it and the ground. Her feet were black and hard, and the tendons below her hocks and knees were like harp strings. Add to this, that her head was so lean that you might have boiled it without obtaining any flesh from it, and you have a picture of what this desert born mare was.—*Shakespear's Wild Sports of India.*

SALT AND FENCE POSTS.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture* says:—

I have just been to examine some that I set 30 or 31 years ago. I found them all sound and erect. That is, I tried every one of them, and found them to stand firm. They are white oak, about five-and-a half inches square, with the part set in the ground unshaved. After setting, I bored into each post about three inches above the ground, with a two inch auger, at an angle of about 45 degrees, and filled the hole with salt, and plugged it up. The plugs are all in, and the posts look as sound as when set. I put in about one-half a pint of salt to a post. As I tried none without salt, I cannot say whether it was the salt or something else that preserved the posts.

A HORSE WITH THE HEAVES.—We have heard of scores of remedies proposed for heaves. Ginger mixed with oats has been prescribed, and hundreds of horses have been killed by doses of spirits of turpentine in various quantities. Indeed, we know of very few things which have not been recommended in turn as a cure for heaves.

Prevention is always better than cure. A riddle in front of the cutting box, to let sand and dust out of cut feed, will be found advantageous. Steaming the food prevents the dust separating from the food when eaten, and materially ameliorates the disease. The use of carrots, however, is not only a preventive but a remedy. No horse will be troubled with heaves while carrots form part of his food.—*Working Farmer.*

FACTS FOR POOR FARMERS.

"Those farmers who have most difficulty to make both ends meet, always plough most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and bring little." So writes John Johnston, in a letter to the Secretary of our State Society; and he thus illustrates his statement: "It is good profit to raise 300 bushels of wheat from ten acres, but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep—you will see the thinking farmer making four-year old steers worth from $60 to $80 each, and his neighbor's at the same age not worth over $25 to $40." His advice to the latter is, "If his land is exhausted, he should plough no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass, and let it rest, and that field will not only pay well for tillage, but it will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same size, rich also." And then keep it rich, do not run it with grain until again exhausted, or "the latter end of that land will be worse than the first.—*Country Gentleman.*

WATER TROUGHS SHOULD BE KEPT CLEAN.—Pure water is a great luxury to the palate of a thirsty horse, and every man who is fortunate enough to be the owner of so noble an animal, should see that the wants of the same are properly provided for. Unfortunately very few persons realize the importance of supplying domestic animals with pure water; yet they stand in need of it, whenever thirsty, and as a matter of profit to ourselves and charity to them, we should see that their wants are well supplied. Pure water is very nutritious, and as a nutritious agent its value is impaired when of inferior quality, or when mixed with indigestible foreign substance, such as is often found in watering troughs located by the wayside. Some very interesting experiments have lately been made on horses belonging to the French army, in view of testing their endurance as regards the deprivation of water, and it was found that some of them lived twenty-five days on water alone; it is a singular fact that seventy-five per cent. of the weight of a horse's body is composed of fluid.

USE OF HUNGARIAN GRASS.—A correspondent in the Northwestern Farmer writes relative to Hungarian Grass: "It is fed profusely to horses, while at the same time they are fed well of oats or corn. In all such cases I do not wonder that many horses die. The seed of the Hungarian Grass contains a large amount of oil, making it, as food alone, almost too highly carbonized; but when large feeds of corn and oats are given in addition, there is so much carbonized food taken into the stomach as to affect the horse diuretically. 'I know,' said a farmer, 'that Hungarian Grass injures my horses, but my cattle do well on it.' Reason: The cattle get no grain, but in addition to the Hungarian Grass, get a good deal of coarser food, such as straw, cornstalks, &c."

INVERTED TREES.—So similar are the organs of roots and branches that, in many cases, they will thrive well if they are made to change places. Andrew Knight, the eminent physiologist of England, was the first to discover this. If we bend down a young plum or cherry tree, and bury the branches, (or a large portion of them,) in the earth, they will throw out roots, and the original roots being afterwards gradually detached, will send forth leaves, and in the course of time will produce flowers and fruit. Let some of the young orchardists whom we are training up, try this experiment, and report progress to us.—*American Agriculturalist.*

TRIMMING THE TOMATO.—The Working Farmer advises the trimming of the tomato vine. It bears 90 per cent. of its fruit within eighteen inches of the root, and if the plant is trimmed of its superabundant growth of fruit at the ends, as well as of stalk, what is left will be more perfect, and of greater weight and measure, during the season. Eighteen inches is a little too close, perhaps. The same rule should be followed as in the summer trimming of the grape vine—i. e., leave some foliage beyond the fruit. The Farmer advises also that the trimmings be buried near the plant, as they make good manure.

Useful Receipts.

TO KILL ROACHES.—Borax powder sprinkled about the kitchen, closets, pantries, sinks, drawers, &c., within the course of a few days, almost completely exterminates roaches, with which nearly every house in the city is infested. Unlike most other remedies, it is perfectly harmless in case it should come in contact with food. Quantity—from ½ to ¾ pound.

FELONS.—A lady who had been troubled some time with a felon on her finger, gives a simple remedy from which she experienced great relief, and which enabled her to obtain sleep for the first time in many nights. It was to cut a hole in a lemon, and wear it on the finger like a thimble—the felon being encased in the fruit.

FLEAS.—"*Distracted*" wishes to know how to destroy fleas. Can't tell him how, unless to catch and kill the *critter*, but can tell him how to drive them away—a sure remedy. Take the branches of blacks walnut (full of leaves,) and place them in your rooms, stables, &c., and the fleas will leave in a few hours.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SWEET POTATO ROLLS.—Boil 3 large sweet potatoes; while hot, make smooth and beat in ½ pound lard and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Make a sponge of 2½ pounds of flour, and stir in the potatoes; 1 teacup of yeast; let it stand eight hours; make into little rolls; avoid all kneading and handling; let them rise again, and bake in a quick oven. M. D.

WATER MUFFINS.—Sift 1 quart of flour; add 1 teaspoonful of salt; make a batter with tepid water, putting first into the flour 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tarter; when just ready to bake, add 1 teaspoonful of car. soda, dissolved. Bake on a griddle, in rings.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 2, 11, 20, 9, 4, 23, 30, was the god of the ocean.
My 14, 26, 13, was the goddess of revenge.
My 12, 17, 29, 16, was the god of war.
My 20, 33, 32, 6, 4, 31, was the god of riches.
My 28, 7, 22, 14, 18, 30, was a river whose waters inebriated.
My 10, 11, 33, 11, 15, 17, was the most beautiful woman in the world.
My 3, 1, 2, 19, 25, 13, 23, was a title of Cybele.
My 17, 19, 12, 13, 24, 32, 5, was a King of Thessaly.
My 19, 7, 6, 14, 3, 28, 16, were nymphs of the woods.
My 27, 13, 21, 13, 23, 4, 31, was a son of Priam.
My whole is a motto of one of the United States.

Freeburg, Ill. C. C. SHUNTZ.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 8, 11, 27, is a play.
My 6, 24, 14, 10, 4, is a woman's name.
My 7, 20, 25, 13, 26, 2, 8, is a large island.
My 6, 21, 13, 3, butter often does.
My 9, 3, 26, 20, 9, people often see.
My 27, 19, 22, 13, 9, most fish have.
My 19, 28, 18, 26, 24, all people have.
My 3, 11, 13, 25, 10, is on many horses.
My 1, does not mean you.
My 15, 19, 23, 9, are used by ladies.
My 12, 15, 17, is not many.
My whole is a true saying.

Philadelphia. S. H.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 2, 30, 28, 24, is a city in England.
My 3, 5, 6, is a small insect.
My 25, 12, 4, 4, 16, 17, is an agricultural implement.
My 7, 25, 9, 27, is one of the United States.
My 6, 18, 23, 4, 11, is a large river in Europe.
My 13, 16, 24, 3, 5, 5, 12, is a female's name.
My 2, 5, 26, 25, 7, 5, 14, 22, 12, 14, 5, 30, is the name of a General in the Revolution.
My 10, 29, 20, 2, is what we are by nature.
My 19, 4, 5, is what they anciently put dead bodies in.

My whole is an old adage. WM. T. TOTTEN.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 10, 9, 24, 30, was the son of Jupiter by Europa.
My 26, 32, 12, 20, 31, 14, 36, 7, 12, was the mother of the nine muses.
My 19, 16, 18, 12, 25, 2, is another name for Minerva.
My 12, 27, 33, 8, 5, was one of the three Judges of hell.
My 20, 4, 35, 12, 13, 11, 19, was the goddess of wisdom.
My 33, 22, 15, 34, presided over history.
My 28, 12, 3, 8, 14, 2, was one of the Gorgons.
My 23, 18, 12, 16, 31, 30, was daughter of Nereus and Doris.
My 27, 33, 18, 15, 22, 22, 12, 5, was slain by Alexander, son of Priam, King of Troy.
My 33, 6, 33, 17, 23, 8, 14, was a branch of the river Styx.
My 28, 24, 13, 29, 30, was one of the Nereides.

My whole is an institution of learning, situated in New York. MAP.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in China. A county in Michigan.
A county in Europe. A lake in New York.
A gulf in Sardinia. A city in Persia.
A river in France.

The initials form a river in the New World, and the finals where situated. W. S. TOTTEN.

RIDDLE.

Perfect with a head, perfect without a head, perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail, perfect with either, neither, or both.

Flowers Enigmatically Expressed.

A musical instrument and a Latin preposition.
A French pronoun and part of the face.
A word of endearment and a Christian name.
A bird and part of a dragoon's equipage.
A plant used at Christmas in England and a kind of wine.
Something used at table and a small vessel.

H. J. C

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to ascertain the width of the Allegheny River at a place where it flows South 19 degrees West, I determined the bearings from a certain point five feet from the water's edge to two trees upon the opposite bank. The bearing of the first was North 69½ degrees East; of the second, South 88 degrees East. I afterwards ascertained that the trees stood 142 yards apart, and one rod from the water's edge. Required, the width of the river?

Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa. T. L. M.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If an iron cylinder, whose diameter is 20 inches, be heated, and placed across a wooden cylinder of the same diameter at right angles with it, until it burns the same away to the axis, how many cubic inches of the wooden cylinder will be consumed?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the longest letter in the alphabet?" Ans.—An L (ell).

☞ If the alphabet were invited out, at what time would the last six letters go? Ans.—After T (tea).

☞ The figures representing my age are what you should always endeavor to do; what is my age? Ans.—Forty (XL, Excel).

☞ Why are the English rifle volunteers like Nelson? Ans.—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

☞ When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? Ans.—Comus.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"The coronation of Queen Victoria in England." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole." CHARADE—Meteor (Me-te-or). CHARADE—Penknife. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—1½.